Aug. 2, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

6-24

...to work

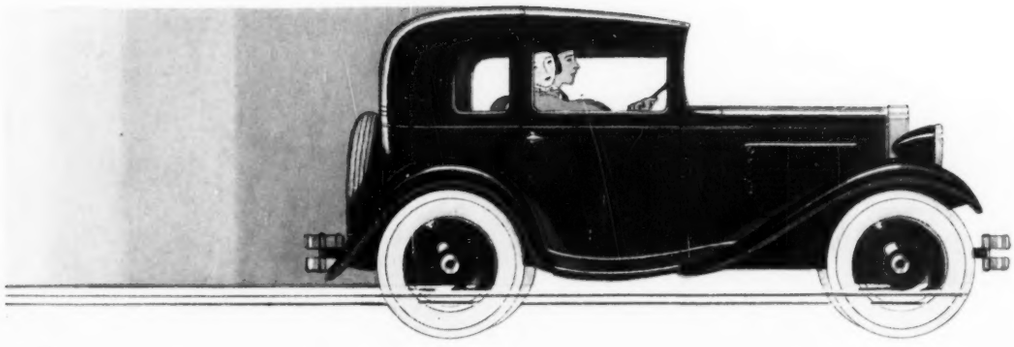
Is 4000 pounds of automobile *really* necessary to move these people?

...to school

...to shop

...to play

...to depot



Let's have common-sense transportation

Why use two tons of plush, rubber, and steel just to carry one or two people from *hither* to *thither?* How much more appropriate to slip into a bantam Austin for the minor journeys and leave the gas eating goliath to wait for family tasks more worthy of its tonnage.

Thrifty folk (who so often count their fortunes in millions) point out the following virtues of the American Austin. It will run forty miles on a gallon of gas . . . a thousand on a five pint filling of oil . . . twenty to forty thousand on a set of tires.

Always quick to scent an economy they have discovered that an Austin *and* a large car is less expensive than the large car alone. The big car costs say 2¾ cents a mile for gas, oil and tires. Austin costs but ¾ of a cent. Use each one half the time and the average cost is but a little over 1½ cents.

Eight years of intercontinental fame lie back of the Austin, with cups and medals galore for speed, endurance, and hill climbing the world over. The bodies are newly designed with all the grace and smartness in miniature of America's most gallant cars.

Incredibly comfortable. Holds two people, even six footers and two hundred pounders. List price $445, f.o.b. Butler, Pa.

See it now at the nearest distributor's showroom . . . write us and we'll tell you where.

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR COMPANY, INCORPORATED
7300 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE AMERICAN *Austin*

Egyptian Royal Automobile Club Race: First.

India, Bombay Speed Trials: First—Club Record Broken.

New Zealand, Otage M. C. Hill Climb. First and Second.

Scotland, Irvine Reliability Trial, Glasgow: First.

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

Announces the Annual Mid-Summer

SALES of FURNITURE, ORIENTAL RUGS & FINE LAMPS

LAMPS

Immensely varied types for all decorative purposes. Lamps of a practical or semi-precious nature. Table Lamps. Floor Lamps. Boudoir, Bridge, Reflector and Arm-chair Lamps. Assembled in especially repriced groups. Offering unusual values in conjunction with these other major home furnishing sales events.

FURNITURE—The entire stocks, excepting Antiques, offer savings seldom realized. Suites and separate pieces for the diningroom, living-room and bedrooms. Occasional furniture, Importations, Modern Furniture, Altman Super-Easy Models, Sun Room and Porch Furniture including reed, willow, rattan. Breakfast suites, office furniture, pictures and Objets d'Art.

Reduced 20 to 50%

ORIENTAL RUGS—Striking advantages in a number of highly desirable groups. Values far beyond those usually anticipated. Small rugs and runners, 6 x 9 sizes, and the ever popular 9 x 12. Exquisite treasures of the East. Great numbers for selection.

FURNITURE—SEVENTH and EIGHTH FLOORS **RUGS and LAMPS—FIFTH FLOOR**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—The unfortunate plight of a young wife whose husband regulates his life by a series of letters from his mother. A good comedy. (48th Street, 48, E.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A pleasant, if not highly original, comedy by St. John Ervine, dealing with the wife who gets her first (and only) husband back. Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith make it what it is. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. Marc Connelly has written here the outstanding play of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Return engagement begins Mon. Eve., Aug. 4.)

THE LAST MILE—What it feels like to live in the death house. A grim but powerful account of a prison revolt. Thomas Mitchell heads an all-male cast. (Harris, 42, W.)

LYSISTRATA—An adaptation by Gilbert Seldes of the frankly bawdy comedy of Aristophanes, in a beautiful production by Norman Bel Geddes. An excellent cast, including Ernest Truex, Violet Kemble Cooper, and Miriam Hopkins. If you are shocked, don't ever speak to us again. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

TOPAZE—Frank Morgan vastly aiding a translation from the French about a schoolteacher who overcomes an inferiority complex. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Return engagement begins Mon. Eve., Aug. 4.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Displaying, among other things, Mr. Carroll's genius for collecting good comics (Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly) as well as his penchant for collecting dirt. A costly show, with beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr throwing the audience into nightly convulsions, with Oscar Shaw to help the ladies sing the DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson score. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Perhaps not so good as the first "Gaieties" but good enough to contain some dirty cracks at current characters, a few good song numbers, and laughs enough for one evening. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—Mr. Jack Donahue carrying the whole war on his shoulders, and very funny about it too. A good show. (Imperial, 45, W.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Harry Richman, Frances Williams, and Claiborne Foster will be at the Palace for the week starting Sat. Aft., Aug. 2. (Palace, B'way at 47, 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 9. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dinner dancing in the Italian Garden; quiet Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dinner and after-theatre dancing to Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—An after-theatre place with a roof that opens up on hot nights. Emil Coleman's orchestra; entertainment by Rosita and Ramon, and Russell John.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), dinner and supper, with a magnificent view, Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), an old favorite for dinner dancing; open until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . You can get a fine view of the harbor from the Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100); and from the St. George Roof, Clark St., Brooklyn (Main 10000). . . . Other roofs, and apt to be full of out-of-towners: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42, aren't roofs, but are cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Only a few places left open where you will find it. Among them: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and frequented by Broadway celebrities, rowdies, and others who hate to go to bed before sunrise. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, no cover charge, a rough and elaborate revue, and always crowded.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Dancing and refreshments on the terrace.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway—Open-air dining and dancing, with Ted Fiorito's orchestra, and an elaborate revue at 7:30 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I.—Music by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

RICHARDS', Bronx River P'kway, Tuckahoe, N.Y.—A nice place to dance; Rodney Lambert's orchestra.

SHOW PLACE, Merrick Rd., Lynbrook, L.I.—Texas Guinan and her gang. Show at 8:30 and midnight. Go late.

NOTE—For dinner only: Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I., recommended for exquisite cuisine; no dancing. . . . Coney Island tourists in search of sea food might try: Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; or Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—Life in the trenches shown in fearless, thorough, and terrifying scenes. From the German novel. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE BIG HOUSE—Some effective inside pictures of prison life. Slightly diluted by a weak story. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. weekdays; 3, 6, and 8:50 P.M. Sun.)

THE FLORODORA GIRL—Marion Davies as one of the historic sextet in a charming study of that day. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 6-8; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE—One of the best and liveliest of the movie revues, thanks especially to Chevalier and Jack Oakie. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 8-11; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

RAFFLES—Ronald Colman excellent as the First Gentleman of the Underworld. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—A potpourri of current events without the interruption of plots or song numbers. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "For the Defense," the courtroom side of underworld activities, with William Powell as a first-rate shyster lawyer; "Holiday," the terrible plight of being very

(Continued on page 4)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	28
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	38
LONDON LETTER	42
THE RACE TRACK	44
THE TENNIS COURTS	50
THE CURRENT CINEMA	54
POPULAR RECORDS	56
RECENT BOOKS	58

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 24, August 2, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

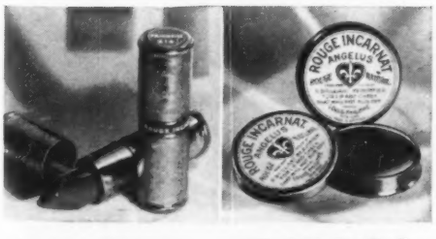
THE ROUGE *You cannot feel*

Smooth as satin
Without residue
Lasts all day

Evelyn Herbert sitting for the Angelus color study. It is through these studies of beautiful women that nine shades of Rouge Incarnat have been perfected.

NOW lovely becoming color without any sticky feeling, without drying or caking on the lips. Angelus Rouge Incarnat is natural color alone. There is no residue. You cannot feel it. With Angelus on lips and cheeks you forget your make-up. Indelible and waterproof, it lasts all day. The smartest shops in Paris say Angelus is the favorite lip rouge. In America it is used by more famous actresses, society leaders, experts in make-up than any other. Nine natural shades.

Louis Philippe, Inc., 247 Park Ave., N. Y. C.



Angelus Rouge Incarnat Lipsticks—$1.00

"The Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks—75c

ANGELUS
Rouge Incarnat
"YOU CANNOT FEEL IT"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 9. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

(Continued from page 2)

rich, from the Philip Barry play, and excellently done; "Journey's End," the play, finely screened, with Colin Clive of the original London cast; "One Romantic Night," Lillian Gish in Molnar's comedy about the marital problems of royal families; "The Silent Enemy," the wilderness of the Far North, with careful pictures of the Ojibway Indians and their manner of living; "The Unholy Three," Lon Chaney in his old picture, but talking this time; "With Byrd at the South Pole," interesting pictures of the great expedition; well-photographed, and for the most part silent.

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group—Davies, Eakins, Homer, Inness, Lawson, Ryder, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CONTRASTS—Some Derain, Utrillo, Braque, etc., set up for the summer, along with Bruce and Sterne for contrast: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of the past season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Boudin, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MIXED—A little of everything from Bacon to Picasso for the hot weather: G.R.D. Galleries, 58 E. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

MODERN FRENCH—Examples by Matisse, Picasso, Dufy, Gromaire, and others: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

UTRILLO—Also Chirico, Kisling, and various other contemporary French: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

NOTE—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection may be found in Galleries 20-25 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Albert Coates conducting: concerts nightly at 8:30 (Note: Verdi's Requiem will be given Tues. and Wed. Eves., Aug. 5 and 6): Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts nightly; 8:30 Sat. and Sun.; 8:45 other nights: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

OPEN-AIR OPERA—"Aïda:" Sat., Aug. 2, at 8:30 P.M.: Polo Grounds. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . "Carmen:" Thurs., Aug. 7, at 8:30 P.M.: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

COMIC OPERA PROGRAM—De Koven, Friml, and others: Fri. Aft., Aug. 1, at 4, over WABC.

"POP" PROGRAM—Schubert, Bizet, Weber, and others; Cesare Sodero directing: Sat. Eve., Aug. 2, at 8, over WEAF.

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. Eves., Aug. 2 and 9, and Sun. Eve., Aug. 3, at 8:30, over WJZ. . . . Wed. Eve., Aug. 6, at 8:45, over WNYC.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SELECTIONS—Wilfred Glenn, bass soloist, with orchestra, in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Aug. 3, at 9:15, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—White conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Aug. 4, at 10, over WJZ.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Coates conducting: Tues. and Thurs. Eves., Aug. 5 and 7, at 8:30, over WOR.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Howard Barlow conducting: Wed. Eve., Aug. 6, at 10, over WABC.

COL. LINDBERGH—Talking on "International Aviation:" Fri. Eve., Aug. 8, at 10, over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium (3 P.M. Sat. and Sun.; 3:15 P.M. other days): Yankees vs. Washington, Sat., Aug. 2 (doubleheader; first game at 1:30 P.M.); Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sun., Aug. 3; Yankees vs. Washington, Mon. and Tues., Aug. 4 and 5; Yankees vs. Boston, Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 6 and 7; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. through Mon., Aug. 8-11. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—Kid Chocolate vs. Jack Berg, 10 rounds, Polo Grounds: Thurs. Eve., Aug. 7; preliminaries start at 8:30. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

GOLF—New York State Amateur Championship, Lakeville Golf and Country Club, Great Neck, L.I., Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 7-10.

HORSE SHOWS—Southampton Riding and Hunt Club Show, Southampton, L. I., Sat., Aug. 2. . . . Monmouth County Horse Show, Rumson, N. J., Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 7-9.

POLO—High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sunday at 4 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 2:09 P.M.)

RACING—Saratoga, N.Y.; races weekdays at 3 P.M. (Last train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:36 A.M.)

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Seabright, N.J., continues through Mon., Aug. 4. . . . Invitation Tournament for women, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9. . . . Invitation Tournament for men, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 4-9.

YACHTING—Bayside Yacht Club auxiliary race, Bayside-Block Island, Fri., Aug. 1. . . . New York Yacht Club Cruise, New London to Newport: Fri., Aug. 1 through Sat., Aug. 9. . . . Stamford Yacht Club races, Sat., Aug. 2. . . . Huguenot Yacht Club races, Sat., Aug. 9.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who plan ahead.)

DOG SHOWS—Rhode Island Kennel Club, Newport, R.I., Aug. 23. . . . North Shore Kennel Club, Smithtown, L.I., Aug. 23. . . . Somerset Hills Kennel Club, Far Hills, N.J., Sept. 12. . . . Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Sept. 13.

GOLF—N.Y.A.C. Championship, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck, N.Y., Aug. 18, 19, and 26. . . . P.G.A. Tournament, Fresh Meadows, Flushing, L. I., Sept. 8-13. . . . National Amateur, Merion C.C., Haverford, Pa., Sept. 22-27.

HORSE SHOWS—Montauk, L.I., Aug. 12-14. . . . Newport, R.I., Aug. 14-16. . . . East Hampton Riding Club, East Hampton, L.I., Aug. 16. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn., Aug. 23. . . . Philadelphia Riders and Drivers, Sept. 9-13. . . . Mineola, L.I., Sept. 10-12. . . . Far Hills, N. J., Sept. 12-13.

MUSIC—Goldman Band outdoor concerts end Aug. 24. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Lewisohn Stadium, Coates conducting through Aug. 17; Van Hoogstraten conducting Aug. 18-31, end of season.

POLO—International matches, U.S. vs. Great Britain, Westbury, L. I., Sept. 6, 10, and 13.

RACING—Saratoga, N.Y., through Aug. 30. . . . Belmont Park, Sept. 1-17. . . . Aqueduct, Sept. 18-Oct. 4.

TENNIS—Women's National Championships, Forest Hills, L.I., start Aug. 18. . . . Invitation Tournament, Newport, R.I., starts Aug. 18. . . . Men's National Doubles, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass., start Aug. 25. . . . East-West Matches, Forest Hills, L.I., Aug. 30 and Sept. 1. . . . Men's National Singles, Forest Hills, L.I., Sept. 6-13.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Simple Simon," return engagement of the musical extravaganza by Ed Wynn and Guy Bolton; score and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart; Mr. Wynn heading the cast: Ziegfeld, Aug. 11. . . . "Suspense," a war play by Patrick MacGill with an all-male cast: Fulton, Aug. 11. . . . "The Second Little Show," with Al Trahan, Ruth Tester, and others: Royale, Aug. 25. . . . "The Ninth Guest," a dramatization by Owen Davis of an unpublished novel: Eltinge, Aug. 25. . . . "Luana," musical version of "The Bird of Paradise," music by Rudolf Friml: Hammerstein, Sept. 1. . . . "Nina Rosa," an operetta with music by Sigmund Romberg: Jolson, Sept. 1.

YACHTING—Trial races for selection of America's Cup defender, off Newport, Aug. 20-30. . . . International races, Barnegat vs. Canada, Barnegat Bay, N.J., Aug. 22 and 23. . . . International 6-metre team races, British-American Cup, Oyster Bay, Sept. 2. . . . America's Cup Races, U.S. vs. Great Britain, off Newport, begin Sept. 13. . . . Saturday Regattas on Long Island Sound through Aug. and Sept.

OTHER DATES—Labor Day is Mon., Sept. 1. . . . Quarterly income-tax payments are due Sept. 15. . . . Radio World's Fair, Madison Square Garden, Sept. 22-27.

★ The New Fada 46—Highboy, $228 without tubes

★ ONLY THE NEW FADAS HAVE *ALL* THESE FEATURES

★ FLASHOGRAPH
★ BEAUTIFUL CABINETS
★ REMOTE CONTROL SHAFT
★ HUMLESS OPERATION
★ NOISE FILTER
★ PHONOGRAPH CONNECTION
★ PRE-SELECTOR TUNING
★ COMPLETE SHIELDING
★ LOCAL DISTANCE SWITCH
★ AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL
★ TWO-ELEMENT DETECTOR
★ FADA DYNAMIC SPEAKER
★ TUBES—Nine, including three screen grid
★ ONE DIAL... ONE-KNOB TUNING

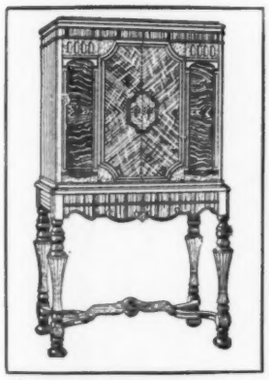
helter-skelter here... but superbly organized where it matters most to you

It certainly was no easy job, getting all those Fada features to work harmoniously under one roof; or should we say, in one console? So far as we know, no other radio has even attempted it. But there they are, in every new Fada model, cooperating in sweet Rotarian fashion to give a quite new meaning to radio performance. They demonstrate willingly on request; when will you peer into this well-behaved bee-hive of ingenious Fada features?

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

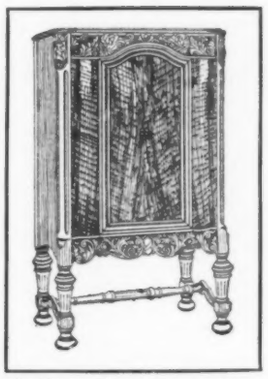
Same Prices West of the Rockies, Slightly Higher in Canada and For Export

FADA Radio



★ The New Fada 41—Highboy, $218 without tubes

★ The New Fada 42—Open Face Lowboy, $159 without tubes



★ The New Fada 44—Sliding Door Lowboy, $188 without tubes

★ The New Fada 47—Radio-Phonograph Combination, $328 without tubes

1920 · SINCE BROADCASTING BEGAN · 1930

The pink and black evening pump . . . or what have you?

. . . means this particular Fenton Last evening slipper . . . of white satin and brocade . . . is so adaptable it can be dyed any colour . . . or colours. But pink-and-black seems to be a favourite just now. 18.50

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CHICAGO

AUG -1 1930 ©CIB 80914

THE NEW YORKER

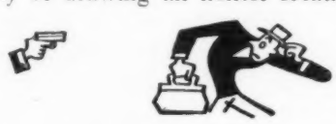
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were met in Toronto last week by a front-page headline in one of the papers: "LET UNCLE SAM GO HIS WAY—OUR WAY LIES WITH JOHN BULL." To a visiting

American this clarion call of the Dominion sounded less defiant than plaintive: we knew just enough about the United States and its amusing ways to suspect that a neighboring country couldn't help but fall in line. To confirm this suspicion we turned to another page and read an account of a young Canadian who had established a tree-sitting record, and who was even at that moment in an oak tree near Ottawa, sitting. Canada can't really close her eyes to the important developments in the nearby republic, and her attempt to let Uncle Sam go his way reminds us of Jimmy Durante's song: "So *I* went my way, and *he* went my way."

RETURNING to New York after any little summer absence, we have often noticed that for the first few hours we feel uneasy, nervous. We used to ascribe this feeling to the difficulty of drawing an honest breath in



the heavy air of the arcades and the bazaars. A more recent analysis shows us that our uneasiness springs not from suffocation but from simple fear—the fear (which overtakes us the minute we get inside the city limits) that any moment we will probably be mistaken for somebody else and shot.

AFTER months of study we have discovered why the voice of the radio announcer is so inevitably maddening. It is not merely because the noise is essentially ugly—as impervious as a madman's and as servile as that of a schoolmaster in company—nor is it because of the timbre, chosen in a blindfold test and drilled in a special school as soap salesmen are. The essence of this voice, made prodigious by a raucous machine, is that it seems forever to be placating a crowd. Its simplest oleaginous tone attempts to be implicit and intimate, and its throaty falling inflections are as assuming as

those of a man trying to lull a drunken giant. And there is no giant. The unseen, wheedled mob will, alas, never rise.

WRITERS for the talking screen are having their scripts published in book form, just like regular playwrights. It strikes us that writing for the talkies must be exciting business, because every action, movement, and sound requires a separate paragraph. That is, if the author wants to bring in a character who comes from the East, who is tall and stately and powerful, and who drops his wrist watch on the floor, it goes like this:

"He is a man from the East.

"Tall, stately, and powerful.

"He drops his wrist watch on the floor.

"Bing."

To any scribbler who has wasted good years on paragraphs of much longer duration, this new literary form is extremely alluring. One of the sweetest sensations of the creative life is the sensation of spacing a typewriter for a new paragraph. To experience this literary excitation at the end of every

sentence (and a short sentence at that) is too much heaven. Furthermore, the delights of writing talkie stuff extend even to the sentences themselves. Take this passage from a book called "Broken Melody," by M. J. Spivack—a passage having to do with weather conditions prevailing at the end of a thunder shower:

"Cheery and limpid come the songs of many birds.

"Thrush, lark . . robin . . . sparrow . . . robin . . lark, thrush."

WE have long realized that there is just something about a Park Avenue address that makes people want one and we have regarded this as a harmless lust. When we have noticed buildings in the side streets fringing the famed highway flaunting a Park Avenue number, we have smiled indulgently. The opposite gesture is our latest discovery, however—persons living in Park Avenue who delicately assume side-street numbers rather than brave the suspicion that they are affecting grandeur. This is without question the ultimate in conservatism for the week ending August 2.

Hash Without Antecedents

THERE is a lady living out in Nutley who would really like to meet Mr. Chrysler and just ask him one question. Her husband, it seems,

was the guest of one of the members of the Cloud Club at the opening luncheon in its quarters among the upper reaches of the Chrysler Building, not long ago. Something of an event for this quiet couple. When the husband returned home he was required to report in detail on the ceremonies. Among other things, he mentioned that the entrée had consisted of a delicious chicken hash. "Hash?" said his wife, amazed. "But wasn't this the opening of the club, the first meal they'd ever served?" It was, her husband admitted. "Then how in the world," the lady demanded, "could they have had chicken hash? What did they make it from?" She has been worrying about this ever since.

Trading Post

PRACTICALLY all the colored beads used by Indians are supplied to them by an old fellow in New York named Dan Frost. A lone trader, he occupies a dingy office in a loft building at 33 Howard Street—an address known on every Indian reservation in the country. Dan imports the beads from Italy and sells them to the licensed traders on the reservations. He says it used to be a good business but it ain't so much any more—the Indians are getting civilized.

Dan is eighty. His father and grandfather were Indian traders before him, in the covered-wagon days of the West. Dan was reared in Kansas but has been in Howard Street for thirty years. In 1902 and 1903 there was a great demand for Indian beads for ladies' dresses, and Dan, having a monopoly on them, cashed in. He made about fifty thousand dollars in a couple of years.

We went down to see him in his trading post the other day. It's a quiet old spot—one or two pictures of Indians, some war bonnets, an open safe, some Navajo rugs, and a high desk at which Dan stands, hat on. He doesn't look anywhere near eighty, and it doesn't worry him that his trade isn't what it once was. He says Indians are very particular about the kind of beads they buy—each tribe has its own preferences, and they detect differences which a white man can hardly see.

No. 33 Howard Street is a fabulous place to redskins. "Once," Dan said, "Bill Cody came to town bringing a bunch of Indians with him, and they all wanted to start swappin' right away so they come down to my place. It was Sunday and they didn't know I wasn't open. So they just squatted down on the sidewalk and waited till I opened up Monday morning."

Dan was chuckling when we went in. He said a man had just called on him from Donnelley's Red Book, the classified telephone directory, wanting to sell him a display ad. "What the hell for?" Dan asked. "Well, it would increase your sales," replied the man, somewhat vaguely.

The Dear, Familiar Face

ONE of our assistants went out some days ago to view the arrival and welcome to the city of Major Kingsford-Smith, the ocean flier, but, it being summer, he has only just reported. Great crowds were there, of course, all pushing desperately to get closer and see the hero, perhaps the lustiest pushers being a trio, consisting of Mamma, Papa, and Eddie, aged about seven. Using a wedge formation, they worked their way steadily forward until they reached the front rank, with a clear view of the solemn ceremony. Then Papa lifted Eddie high on his shoulders. "There he is, Eddie. Right there, Eddie—the big one on the end. Take a good look at him, because now you can say you seen Grover Whalen."

Maritime White Way

THE lighthouse-tender Tulip went down the harbor not so long ago, hauling up half a dozen old signal buoys and launching six new ones to take their places along the Channel between the Battery and Fort Hamilton, thus completing a general going-over of the whole Main Channel, all the way from Ambrose Light in to Manhattan. An agent of ours reports that the new buoys are much larger than the old ones, and, in addition, so much heavier that they almost tipped the Tulip over every time she swung one out overside on the crane to launch it. Moreover, they are brighter. Skippers had been complaining for some time that the flares on the old-fashioned buoys could hardly be seen at night in the general glare cast over the harbor by the illuminated signs, clocks, and suchlike along the shores, so the port authorities eventually decided to make the Channel a little White Way of its own. The new buoys are thirty-two feet tall over all (about half of them remains out of the water), nine feet in diameter, and weigh eleven tons. Miniature floating lighthouses, in fact, anchored at the bottom by eighty-five hundred pounds of cast iron, and flashing a three-hundred-and-ninety-candlepower light, visible over three miles at night. They carry enough acetylene in tanks in the base to keep alight for five months without refilling.

The new buoys are quite an advance over the old ones, for they do three things while the others only did one. They serve their purpose of being seen by day, they show a light at night, and in addition they carry in the superstructure a bell struck by four swinging hammers as they roll with the waves. In the old days, it took three different buoys to do all that. Gas-buoys threw a flare to light the Channel at night; bell-buoys warned ships off in fog; spar-buoys, or "nuns" with pointed tops, had neither bell nor flare. In fact, that is why they were called nuns—they were so silent.

Miracle

MRS. KATHLEEN NORRIS, the novelist, spent some time this summer as the guest of Fannie Hurst in the latter's summer home in a Tuscan village near Florence. On the day of her departure she was strolling through the streets of the town when she came upon an old Italian woman weeping bitterly. Mrs. Norris spoke to the old lady and learned that her trouble was financial: a pension upon which she had been living had suddenly been withdrawn and soon she would be out of her house and without food. Mrs. Norris opened her bag, withdrew several high-powered lire notes, immaculately new, as is Italian money only when withdrawn from foreign banks by foreigners. With a brief speech of sympathy expressed in her best Italian, she gave them to the old lady. A few hours later she took leave of her hostess and of the village, departing, we will note, without mentioning her recent charitable act. Some time later Mrs. Norris met Miss Hurst in Paris. "And how is the village?" she asked. "Oh, as usual," said Miss Hurst, "nothing new. . . . Oh yes, I'd forgotten; we've had a miracle, my dear, a real miracle. The little church is selling dozens of candles and the priest is investigating. It seems that a poor old woman whose son's pension papers

had been cut off or something was sitting down by the street to starve when the Virgin herself appeared to her in the form of a lady speaking in an unknown tongue and gave her a fortune in money no human hands had ever touched."

No. 020–485

PETER PANSKY is our favorite taxi-driver, but it is only his name that lends him a special charm. For sheer personality we give you Morris Armor, 28, license No. 020-485, who hacks by night and studies art and music in the daytime. He sings tenor. Frieda Hempel's teacher, Mrs. C. Dyas Standish, heard him singing while he was driving his cab two years ago, and asked for the privilege of training him, which he readily granted her.

Mr. Armor is also an actor. In 1925 he was in "Outside Looking In," and slept nights in the basement of the police station in Central Park, which he entered through a broken cellar window at night and left by the same way at dawn. He just happened to like it as a place to spend the night. His wife was out of town. In the play "Crime" he had a gunman part but was released for not being hardboiled enough. His acting career never interfered with his cab-driving. It was his custom to keep his cab in a garage close to the theatre, and dash out in time at night to pick up some of the after-theatre trade from the house he was playing in.

During the summer of 1926, Armor sublet an apartment at 27 Vandam Street and installed his wife there, she being a violinist. Whenever one of his fares would ask him where was a good place to go for a bite, he would say "Come home with me." On the way to his apartment he would pick up some crackers and cheese at a delicatessen; and having arrived home he would suggest that his guests look at books while his wife played the fiddle. It worked out all right usually.

Armor was once mentioned by George Jean Nathan in a review of "Half Caste," in which he played the Hawaiian lover. This was one of his high spots. At hacking he usually makes about sixty to seventy dollars a week, and puts in ten to fourteen hours a day at it. One night he picked up Gatti-Casazza and, recognizing his passenger, started singing at the top of his voice. Gatti said nothing but seemed to be suspicious.

Mr. Armor's social life is everything that it should be. He often dines out, formally dressed, and he pals around at times with Paul Bronson, the animal-painter, and Grattan Condon, the illustrator. He attends art exhibits, and prefers Gauguin to Seurat, Van Gogh to Manet. He never wears a hat when he drives his cab. His hat blew off seven years ago, and that ended that.

Help the Bride

IN the Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Inc., store the other afternoon we overheard a bright young woman who was purchasing a wedding present for a friend explain the very latest boon for brides. It is a thank-you note, written by the donor, enclosed in a stamped, addressed envelope and sent along with the present. The bride simply has to sign her name, seal the envelope, and send it off; the donor is thus thanked, the receipt of the gift acknowledged, and the bride enabled to scratch at least one name from her nightmare list.

Bootjackers

A GENTLEMAN named Kennedy, who lives at 400 East Fifty-eighth Street and has a lively interest in people and things, had a long talk the other night with two interesting characters, and has submitted to us a thorough report about it. They are Chic Berger and Donkey Weinstein. Mr. Kennedy interrupted them at their peculiar work in front of his house and induced them to drop in for a while to relax and partake of refreshment.

The Messrs. Berger and Weinstein

"Pull yourself together, Holbein—it's silly to be jealous over a dog."

are two of those lusty-lunged adults you hear going about the streets occasionally with big bundles of papers under their arms, shouting and roaring indistinctly and getting neighborhoods all excited. They call themselves "bootjackers" and consider that they are pretty much at the head of their profession. They talked of their business without shame, it seems, with, in fact, considerable pride. They have been at it seventeen years and have always found it profitable. The day the gas explosion blew the tops from the manholes in Broadway near Thirtieth Street and tied up several telephone exchanges, they made fifty dollars selling papers in the vicinity with the cry: "Twelve dead, thoity injured in blast." They didn't mention that that particular blast happened in a fireworks factory in Philadelphia. Such omissions are much of the art of "bootjacking." Their biggest night was a year or so ago when Lindbergh was reported drowned in the Gulf of Mexico. The papers had Lindbergh overdue and touched lightly on the possibility that he had come down in the Gulf. A little thing like that is all that is necessary to start an energetic bootjacker bawling.

Chic and Donkey work during the afternoons loading newspapers on trucks, scanning the news for something that will give them an idea. If, for example, they discover that a man named Mayer has died, no matter how obscure Mayer is, that will start them off bellowing: "Mayor dead. Read about it!" The public, being credulous that way, jumps to the conclusion that they mean Mayor Walker, which, of course, they don't at all. The East Side, they say, is the best section, but they sell papers everywhere, sometimes going out of town. They cleaned up in Queens Village with the Snyder-Gray case and in Hartford with Gerald Chapman extras. No story sells like a murder, they say. Berger is an authority on murders, knows the details of the best ones of the last two decades. He told Mr. Kennedy about this and then added, somewhat irrelevantly: "An' I can name you the capitals of all the states."

In recent years the cops have made it rather difficult for "bootjacking." "You get a neighborhood all worked up," explains Weinstein, "and they chase you." Their most important rival is George ("Blind Eye") Diamond. Blind Eye can't read the papers. He therefore has to make up his own calamities. His favorite is "Many killed in wreck." Not long ago he sold a lot of papers by shouting: "Oh-h that big squeal in Mayor Mitchel leak!"—which, as Weinstein points out, means nothing.

Chic once collaborated in actually editing a paper, one of those fly-by-night sheets that are sold on Sunday and deal in extravagant scareheads. On one occasion Chic advised the editor to print a headline on war between France and England. This was done and the edition sold out. The next week he asked for a headline on war between France and Italy. The editor didn't think this was so hot, and refused. Chic still thinks war between France and Italy would go well.

Sesame

HE was with a party of five and he was insistent. He had been there many times. He knew Joe and Joe always let him in. Also he was a personal friend of Mr. Murgatroyd and Mr. Murgatroyd practically lived

in the place. The polite gentleman at the iron grille insisted firmly that it was a private house. Finally, in desperation, the man with the party of five said: "I can describe the wallpaper." He did, and they let him in.

The Melody Lingers On

A TALL gentleman, eighty-two years old, fiery, and still able to roar as he did when he fought in the Franco-Prussian War, walked right by the photographers when he landed from a boat a few weeks ago. Nobody took his picture, or asked him any questions. There was adequate reason, perhaps, as he had lived abroad, in Germany, for eight years, long enough to blight anybody's fame. Even if he hadn't, the name Theodore A. Metz might not have meant anything to anybody. Mr. Metz, however, was important in his day. He composed "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." He wrote that back in '86 when he was bandleader with the McIntyre & Heath Minstrels, and this is the story of it: The troupe's train was held up somewhere in Louisiana because a house near the railroad station was afire. The townsfolk were frenziedly rushing water to put it out. The name of the village, posted on the railroad station, was Old Town. McIntyre spotted the sign and remarked: "They're certainly having a hot time in the Old Town tonight." "Yes," replied Heath, "and that's a good song title"—he was quick at such things. He told Metz about the idea and Metz set to work and wrote the music. He had it done in time for the band to play it for the street parade in New Orleans.

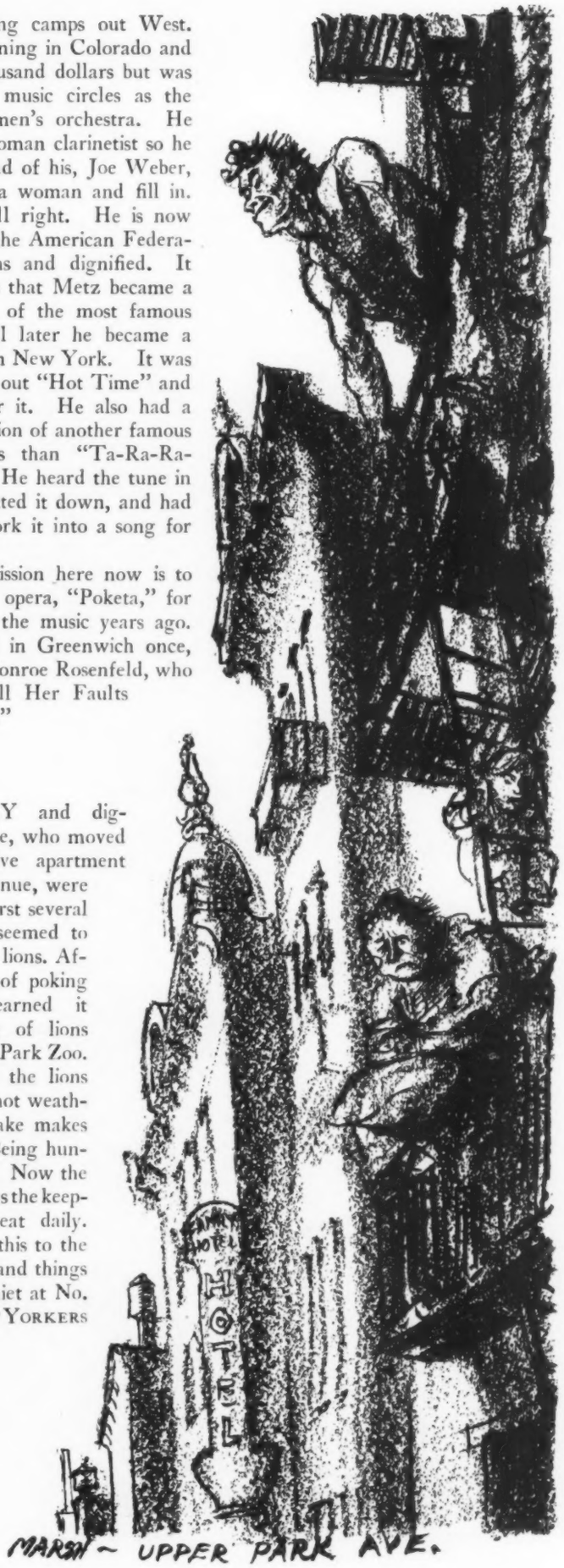
The song didn't make any special hit then or in the next few years although Metz plugged it with various minstrel shows he was connected with. In '96, however, a man named Joe Hayden wrote some words for it and it was published. Came the Spanish-American War, the soldiers took it up, and in no time the whole nation was singing it.

Metz came to New York originally in the seventies and got a job sweeping out and doing chores in a drugstore. His ambition was to become a fine violinist. He had with him when he came a Guarnerius from which he refused to part. He took lessons from Joachim and at the same time played in a saloon for three dollars an evening. After that he barnstormed around with bands and minstrel shows, mostly in cow towns and mining camps out West. He went into mining in Colorado and made fifteen thousand dollars but was shortly back in music circles as the leader of a women's orchestra. He couldn't get a woman clarinetist so he persuaded a friend of his, Joe Weber, to dress up like a woman and fill in. Weber got by all right. He is now the president of the American Federation of Musicians and dignified. It was after all this that Metz became a bandmaster, one of the most famous of his day. Still later he became a music-publisher in New York. It was then that he dug out "Hot Time" and sought words for it. He also had a hand in the creation of another famous hit, nothing less than "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay." He heard the tune in a Negro dive, jotted it down, and had Henry Sayers work it into a song for "Tuxedo Girls."

Mr. Metz' mission here now is to revive an Indian opera, "Poketa," for which he wrote the music years ago. It was produced in Greenwich once, with words by Monroe Rosenfeld, who wrote "With All Her Faults
I Love Her Still."

City

A WEALTHY and dignified couple, who moved into a coöperative apartment at 825 Fifth Avenue, were kept awake the first several nights by what seemed to be the roaring of lions. After several days of poking around they learned it *was* the roaring of lions —in the Central Park Zoo. The keeper said the lions couldn't sleep in hot weather and being awake makes them hungry. Being hungry, they roared. Now the gentleman supplies the keeper with raw meat daily. The latter gives this to the lions at nightfall and things are reasonably quiet at No. 825.—THE NEW YORKERS



"Say, where's Texas Guinan's?"

HEALTH AND HYGIENE

WHAT the drys need is a fresh set of generals to replace the defeatists who now lead them. Drs. McBride, Wilson, and Cherrington, and the W.C.T.U. and Anti-Saloon League chiefs, have hoisted the white flag by calling for a campaign of education in order to apprise the American people of the harmful effects of alcohol. Their new policy of begging the wets to have a little respect for the lining of their stomachs is an absolute betrayal of the cause. The earlier theory was that the existing drinkers would soon drink themselves to death, and good riddance; thirst would automatically abolish itself. According to the calculations of 1919, the American appetite for alcohol should have finished its career in Potter's Field more than a year ago. Now in 1930 the dry leaders are asserting that what this country needs is sugar-coated lessons in hygiene. In 1931 they will probably say that what this country needs is an improved hangover powder.

How Bryan and Wheeler must roll over in their graves at this scheme of weaning the drinker away from his grog by university-extension and correspondence-school methods. What contempt old Pussyfoot Johnson and Meat-Axe Anderson must feel for the craven leadership which now makes prohibition ridiculous. The heartiest backers of the new back-to-temperance propaganda will naturally be the civic-minded bootleggers who want to conserve their customers and have them live to drink another day. A National Board for Temperance Education would not be truly representative without having Big Bill Dwyer, Jack (Legs) Diamond, Al Capone, and Old Reliable McCunn as well as Bishop Cannon, F. Scott McBride, and the presidents of the W.C.T.U. and Good Templars.

WHAT the country seems to be witnessing is the death of a great moral wave. A few years ago, when the moral wave was in its prime, the lightest word of a dry was enough to mow down the wets like a whiff of grapeshot. Today the dry speakers are hooted and heckled whenever they appear before a mixed gathering. The poor things can't get fair play. Mrs. Boole has ordered her W.C.T.U. orators not to engage in debates because audiences are so prejudiced in favor of alcohol; and only a year or two ago the W.C.T.U. lassies were battering their lady opponents every time they met on the rostrum. A few years ago, when the moral wave was at its height, the drys were irresistible. Bryan did not have to use sense or logic in order to crush the wets. A timid heckler invited his attention to the circumstance that Christ had turned water into wine.

"You, sir," yelled Bryan, "you leave Jesus Christ out of this!" There was a roar of applause, mixed with stamping and shouting. This pugnacious irrelevancy of the Commoner was cheered as if it were fraught with audacity and wisdom. Crashing the gate at a Democratic light-wine-and-beer rally, Bryan was asked whom he represented. "I," he roared, "represent the women and children of this country whom your damnable traffic would slay!" and the rally gasped a few times and expired. Any good Anti-Saloon Leaguer could hurl the thunderbolts with almost equal effect. William H. (Meat-Axe) Anderson, superintendent of the New York State Anti-Saloon League, stunned and paralyzed the wets in New York. The wets were too refined in those days and could not stand the abuse he heaped on them. Some of the nicest people in the city organized themselves into a National Association Opposed to Prohibition. Old Meat-Axe wrecked it. He called them sots and bums, and made them believe that they were.

Today the moral wave has swung around the other way. It is a wet moral wave. The crusading zeal has passed over to the wets; the guilty conscience has shifted to the drys. The crowds cheer every inanity of a wet and hoot the most intelligent cracks of a dry. The only explanation for this remarkable about-face is that moral waves are whimsical things. They break out as mysteriously as the sunspots or seventeen-year locusts; most of them have about as much moral or ethical significance as an earthquake or an influenza epidemic; and they usually change their directions and return to plague the inventors. The moral wave against race suicide, for example, has developed into a moral wave in favor of birth control. When a moral wave is under way, nothing can stop it until it has run its erratic course. On the drinking question the weathercock of morality has completely turned round on itself; the whirligig of righteousness has completed its cycle. The prohibition moral wave is twenty years old—a ripe old age for a moral wave. Of course, the prohibition movement has been in existence ever since it was founded by that colossal Broadway bum, John B. Gough; but it was only about twenty years ago that it became tangled up with a life-sized moral wave.

The shattering of the dry morale has been accompanied by a marked

"I assure you, Madam, our responsibility don't end with installin' the tub. Our aim is to see that you get a thoroughly good bath."

deterioration of the wets. The earnest ones go around quoting the Old and New Testaments, Emerson, Blackstone, and Dr. Butler, and clamoring for revenge on the drys. The typical Old Soak, once thought a lovable character, is a public nuisance, wrangling, blustering, and citing Scripture over his gin. Speakeasies are being turned into unpadlocked Bible classes. You can hardly buy a drink without hearing about the water and wine at Cana, about Noah fried in his vineyard, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake," "Stay me with flagons," and other sacred drinking texts. Many of the wets are losing their disinterested affection for alcohol; the thing they really crave is a chance to persecute the drys. That is why they are getting their texts ready; texts are necessary to any well-conducted persecution.

Ten years ago the wets would have been grateful for 2.75-per-cent beer; five years ago, for light wines and beer. Last year they would have been grateful for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Today the right to drink anything, anywhere, at any time, would not satisfy them. What they want is to make the drys howl. Alcohol is no longer the main issue; the main issue is: "Whose turn is it to do the persecuting?" The drys have had their fun; it's the wets' turn now, and they won't be happy until drinking is made compulsory, until United States marshals are forcing hundred-proof spirits down the throat of Clarence True Wilson, while generous slugs of brandy are being hurled, by court order, into Senator Brookhart.

"Yes, I was in the army—but in the artillery."

THE wet was formerly an amiable martyr, fumbling with a lost cause. A typical defeatist, he had the engaging qualities of the defeatist, an overdeveloped sense of humor and a talent for cracking jokes at his own expense. As his cause grows less forlorn, however, his disposition is undergoing a change for the worse. There is, for instance, Clarence Darrow, an example of a nice old wet running amuck. Formerly a cheerful pagan, lover of all mankind, especially homicidal maniacs, dynamiters, and evolutionists, he has now consecrated himself to hating the drys. In their debate at Town Hall, Darrow and Brookhart traded personalities. The genial Darrow was the apostle of rancor and re-

OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

WE MIGHT LET YOU BE OUR PLAYMATE

I

In a softly lighted boudoir
Sat a woman shedding tears,
As she thought how she'd neglected
Her two little girls for years.
For Society had made her
At its beck and call—a slave.
To her no time for children
This exacting mistress gave.
Now thoroughly repentant
To their sleeping room she came,
Where she found them gaily playing
With their nurse—a bedtime game.
With a smile she asked permission
To join them in their play;
To which one child—the oldest—
Replied soberly this way:

REFRAIN

"We might let you be our playmate
But I don't think 'twould be so much fun.
Our make-believe games you might laugh at;
Besides, what have *we* ever done
So naughty that we never see you
As most kiddies their mothers do?
Nurse tries to explain but she can't make it plain.
We *might* like you more if we knew."

II

The words the child had spoken,
While they pain the mother brought,
Were just what she had needed
With the lesson stern they taught.
From that night her friends ne'er saw her
In their fast, exclusive set.
Some asked, with lifted eyebrows,
"What's become of Kath, our pet?"
Insincere, not really caring,
Merely something smart to say;
Little dreaming she was happy
With her children far away,
Where she'd won back their affection
For which her heart had bled
On that night her eyes were opened
When her daughter to her said:

REFRAIN

"We might let you be our playmate
But I don't think 'twould be so much fun.
Our make-believe games you might laugh at;
Besides, what have *we* ever done
So naughty that we never see you
As most kiddies their mothers do?
Nurse tries to explain but she can't make it plain.
We *might* like you more if we knew."

—C. KNAPP

•

venge; the furious Brookhart was jolly, ingratiating, sprouting all over with olive branches. It was as if they had been mixed up in their cradles by an irresponsible domestic. In his bitterness Darrow applauded an untimely grave for closing on one eminent prohibitionist and a steel-barred cell door for clicking on another. Other mild wets have suddenly turned into firebrands and incendiaries. Henry Curran says that another whiskey rebellion is already here and that he is leading it, while other wet statesmen are developing a formula for getting rid of the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment all at once by inducing Mexico to annex the United States, thus bringing us under the liberal and congenial Code Mexico (pronounced "Méh-i-co"). In any case the wets will not be contented until legal arrangements have been made for causing the drys to suffer. Congress must have a chance to cheer the news of drys perishing in agony after drinking government-poisoned spring water. One awful act of retaliation, which the wets are planning, is that of abolishing the eighty-proof patent medicines which are the staff of life in some of the dry belts. There is no limit to the malignant, witch-burning spirit of the wets today. They are in all respects what the drys were in 1920. They have gradually modelled themselves on the drys and adopted all the dry vices, according to the process described by Pope in the well-known lines:

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen:
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

IT is the old story of the martyr turned persecutor. It is a character-building experience to be thrown to the lions; a soul-shrivelling one to throw others. The wets have not had much practical experience with persecuting, but their minds are full of it. They are adopting all the dry methods. It was at a meeting which opened with prayer and was featured by hymning that Senator Wheeler announced his conversion to the wet cause. The wets have practically adopted the Bible as their drinking manual. As a matter of fact, the wets are in danger of making a grave mistake, if they lean too heavily on their new ally. The slave-holders lost out, in spite of the way their cause was buttressed by pro-slavery texts; the Mormons failed in their fight for polygamy, in spite of their armory of Scriptural weapons; and Voliva at Zion City is making poor headway with his Bible proofs that the earth is flat and has square corners.

The fact is that the wets are in danger of losing their moral and spiritual dominance in this country. The people have been lining up with the wets because the wets have been enlightened, temperate, rational. The wets are in a moral crisis today. They will forfeit the respect of the country if they prove to be dry at heart after all.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

OF ALL THINGS

THE President is enjoying his first real vacation from Congress. No Senator, we fearlessly predict, will get a White House post card reading: "Having a good time. Wish you were here."

•

Stories about babies mixed in hospitals put ideas in a person's head. Wouldn't it be funny if Earl Carroll were really Charles S. Sumner?

•

If Mr. Hoover tunes in much on his radio he will hear some bad news about tariff and farm relief. William E. Borah denouncing.

•

After a series of bad guesses, Senator Moses has gone home in no pleasant frame of mind. About this time look out for rumblings from Mt. Sinai, New Hampshire.

•

Too much ado is being made over the fact that Detroit has recalled its mayor. We know a man who can even recall John F. Hylan.

•

The late James Eads How was a friend of the down-and-outers and a durable piece of copy for the papers. What city editors would have done without their millionaire hobo, we can't imagine.

•

Businessmen are chided for dealing with Amtorg, but in times like these no cash customer is to be sneezed at. One must also consider the red-ink menace.

•

The British government has decided against the Channel-tunnel project. England is willing to be a friend of France but not the next subway station.

•

The theatre-ticket plan is now open for business, but we can't tell how it works until somebody wants to go to something. Just now a press agent couldn't give away a pass without using violence.

•

Probably it would do no good to ask, but we cannot help wondering what corner prosperity is just around.

•

In hot weather it is best not to get excited. We choose to keep calm about the doings of Zaro Agha, the tiresome old Turk.

•

At the present rate of speed New York will be the world's largest city in 1940. This fact will come in handy in Jimmie Walker's campaign for a fifth term. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

"You run the show today, Bill; I feel rotten."

• •

TO C~~

Why is it my absurdity
To idolize the carven frame
That holds the music of the lute—
To make a fetish of a name?

I waste vain frankincense and myrrh
On syllables which I enshrine;
A purple name like Frederick
(Why doesn't anyone like mine?).

I love the sullen sound of John,
Distinct and brutal like a star,
Orlando glitters, superfine,
Exotic as a nenuphar.

I seem to find a halo size
Which any name may chance to fit—
If Obadiah came along
I'd make a melody of it.

A name, when borne by one I love,
Takes on significance absurd
Until we part, and then I find
That it is just a common word.

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

ANSWERS-TO-HARD-QUESTIONS DEPARTMENT

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER,
SIRS:

HAS the New Yorker got a policy on drawings, sketches, etc., as I draw rather easily and would like to submit some. I understand you want only sophisticated or smart pictures, and would like to know if this is correct, and who does the captions, the artist or the editors? Please explain your covers also.

Respectfully,
H—— C——

DEAR H—— C——

ALL that THE NEW YORKER has ever had in the shape of a written policy on drawings is a set of rules, for the guidance of the office staff, setting forth what must be done with drawings when they are received. In the early years of the magazine thousands of drawings got lost around the office and never were found. This set the artists crazy. As one of them, whose style had grown outmoded while he was trying to learn where his drawings had got to, said to us, "What the hell is the use of submitting pictures to you if you are going to become gradually unaware of where they are?" There was no satisfactory answer to that at the time—and still isn't. This situation, in the first year or two of THE NEW YORKER's life, led to friction, ill-feeling, and catcalling between the artists and the editors and, finally, in the famous case of the Charles Durande drawings, to a lawsuit. Durande was an artist who claimed he had sent six or eight hundred pictures to the magazine over a period of a year and a half, for which he received no money, which were never used, and which he never got back. The upshot was that the magazine had to pay Durande a hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars for drawings which no one, except Mr. and Mrs. Durande and some friends of theirs, had ever seen, or, for the matter of that, ever will see. Because of annoying little incidents like that, a system of handling drawings finally had to be instituted. In the last year or two it has been working smoothly and no drawings have been lost, except a few of the smaller ones.

AS to what kind of drawings THE NEW YORKER wants, I find it difficult, even at this period of the magazine's development, to formulate a written policy which will make sense. All I can do is cite a few random instances of pictures that didn't work out, draw a few diagrams, and indicate roughly the field we are trying to cover. The diagrams are going to clutter the thing up and I suggest that you cut them out and paste them on a piece of cardboard.

Sophistication and smartness are, of course, the chief prerequisites. This is true not only of the drawings themselves, but of the captions for them. A drawing and its caption dovetail, or should dovetail. When they don't they are hard to figure out. We have found it advisable to have the artists do the pictures and let us think up the captions for them. An artist doesn't have to have any idea in mind when he makes a drawing for us; in fact, it is much better if he doesn't. If he starts out with a vulgar idea (and sometimes artists have vulgar ideas which they think are smart ideas) he is likely to produce a picture which no other caption in the world except his own will fit. If his caption is very vulgar even an extremely sophisticated drawing wouldn't save it. A drawing is always dragged down to the level of its caption. That's an infallible rule: a drawing is always dragged down to the level of its caption. Remember that, because we are going to come back to it in a couple of thousand words, and I'll expect you to know. A case in point is the drawing of the man and woman at the dinner table (Figure I). The artist's own caption for that was "Give this note to my husband and wait for an answer." Now it is conceivable that a lot of people might be amused by that, but it would not be the sort of amusement we are after. It would be a little loud, for one thing, and might be followed by some such remark on the part of the vulgar reader as "I'm a —— if that ain't the funniest —— drawing I ever see." We don't want that. What we want is the appreciative chuckle. Anybody can guffaw. The trouble with the caption given above is that it is neither smart nor sophisticated, it is just funny, screamingly funny—we grant you that. It fails because the woman's words betray an annoyance with her husband—an annoyance which she has so far forgotten herself as to convey to a servant. If we printed such a caption, thousands of sensitive readers would be estranged. In cases like that we usually "tinker" the caption—that is, try to change it about so that it will be sophisticated; or we write a brand-new line. In

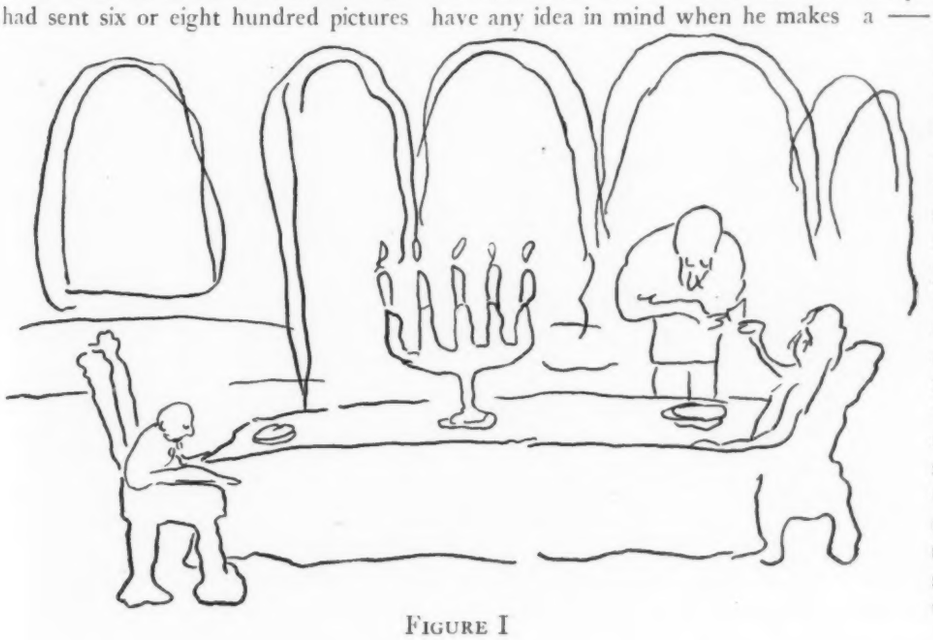


FIGURE I

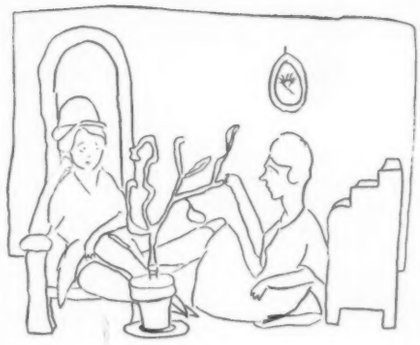


FIGURE II

this particular instance, however, the artist was so intent on making his drawing fit his caption that he turned out a picture which no other caption we could think of would fit. Well, there *was* one other, but it dealt with the possibility that the husband had suffered a stroke and that the wife was sending the note to a physician. Such a situation would of course meet the requirements of sophistication—nothing, in fact, could be more sophisticated than for a woman to remain calm and decorous during dinner in the face of a grave physical affliction—but this interpretation of the drawing gets so far away from humor that it isn't even whimsical. No organic ailment is funny; only accidents are funny. Yet the drawing itself is unquestionably smart, depicting, as it does, two persons of obvious breeding, against a background of grandeur—the grandeur of simplicity, not of gaudy display. That's exactly the kind of picture we want. The note in the woman's hand is what outlawed this particular drawing. It makes the whole thing vulgar and there are no two ways about it (counting out the physician angle).

In Figure II we have a similar problem. The girls themselves are smart enough, but the large begonia, which takes up so much room, caused the drawing to be thrown out and the whole idea to be abandoned, for the reason that no caption was possible which simply ignored the begonia. The artist's own caption for this drawing was:

"What do you think of the new planet?"

"Begonia, ain't it?"

If you can't see why that is out, we could never tell you. We might observe, however, that two-line captions are never as smart as one-line captions. For example, the simple line "Begonia, ain't it?" would have been much smarter and might have carried the picture except that it leaves out the new planet, which the artist insisted on getting in. We agreed with him there, because the new planet is what we call a "timely subject" and we like drawings occasionally which deal, in a sophisticated way, with timely subjects. We kept the picture around for weeks, tinkering with it, and meanwhile the planet not only became less and less timely but was also suspected of being merely a comet. That was a lucky break for us, in a way, because had the picture been used it would probably have come out the very day that the authenticity of the planet was questioned—that is usually our luck in such matters.

NOW for a few general suggestions. THE NEW YORKER prefers certain groupings of persons in its drawings, of which these are a few: two fat women; two businessmen; two middle-aged men and a young woman; a silly woman and a banker; a silly woman and a major-general; a languid man in evening dress enormously involved with another man's wife, or not involved at all with her but suspected, nevertheless, by the husband (maybe you better let that one go); two to six eager girl friends conversing in a tea-garden; two workmen on a big clock or a scaffold; and an intoxicated wife and her sober husband at a cocktail party. To explain why all these groupings are essentially smart and sophisticated would take too long—would take all night, in fact. We pick out, as just one example, the intoxicated wife and the sober husband at the party. We had just such a picture a few months ago, in which the giddy wife says to her husband, "I told you not to let me drink." That was not my caption. My caption for that drawing was rejected, although I thought it was better than the one that was used. It was: "Haven't you proud of me that I still know who I am in the mist of all this revery?" However, all this is beside the point. I simply want to establish that there is nothing smarter than for a finely gowned, handsome woman to become cockeyed at a large formal party. A vulgarian would not be able to get away with it. In such situations vulgar people go to pieces and scream or hurt somebody. It takes that *je ne sais quoi* which we call sophistication for a woman to be magnificent in a drawing-room when her faculties have departed but she herself has not yet gone home. There is no use sending in any drawings of an intoxicated wife alone with her husband. There must be some other person in the scene, perhaps a butler, or a man under the bed, to make the thing sophisticated. Sophistication might be described as the ability to cope gracefully with a situation involving the presence of a formidable menace to one's poise and prestige (such as the butler, or the man under the bed—but never the husband).

I am sorry that I cannot explain our covers. We are not permitted to give out that information. Anyway it would involve diagrams, and a lot of references you wouldn't understand.

WAYNE VAN R. VERMILYE
for THE NEW YORKER

• •

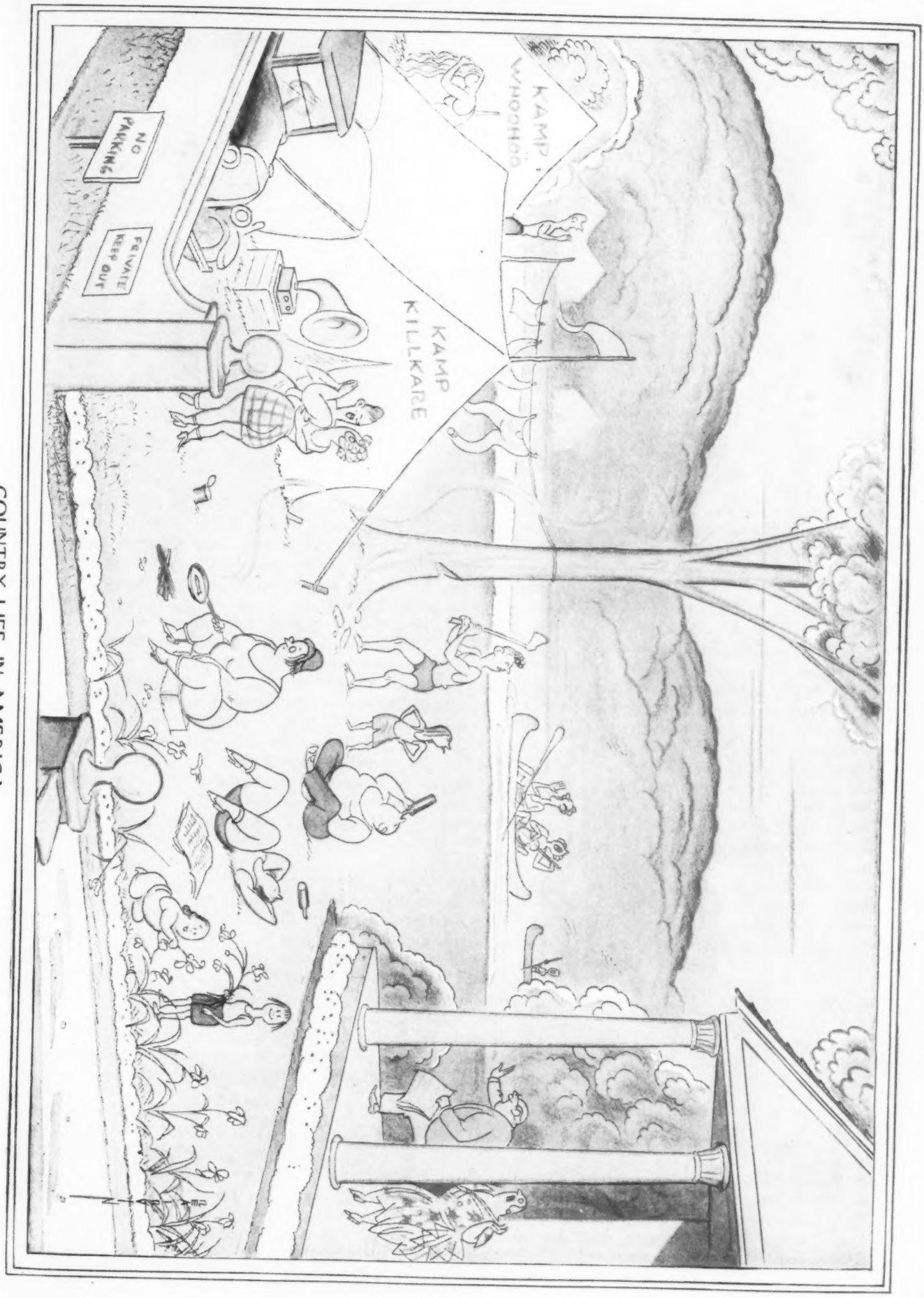
RIGHTEOUS ANGER

A Compilation from the Columns of the Public Press of Condonable Reactions of Honest Wrath

LOCALE	EXPONENT	CAUSE OF ANGER	REACTION
Des Moines, Iowa	Trustees of the Des Moines University	Incensed when the students rotten-egged them at a public meeting	Disappeared with the diplomas just before graduation
Kovno, Lithuania	Women's Cultural Club	Shocked when a nude bronze of Apollo was placed in the public square	Forced the city council to cover it with a bathing suit
New York City	Sydney A. Weston[1]	Indignant because Will Hays' Motion Picture Board permitted "scenes of drinking" in the pictures	Resigned from the board
Lima, Peru	Peruvian football fans	Disgruntled when their team lost to Paraguay	Demolished the Football Federation Building
Tokio, Japan	The Empress of Japan	Annoyed when the new edition of *Whitaker's Almanac* stated she had died in 1929	Ordered the book suppressed throughout Japan

[1]Representative from the General Council of Churches

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

Roughing It

PROFILES

"WHAT IS A MERCHANT?"

August Heckscher

WHEN August Heckscher was fourteen years old his father asked him what he wanted to make of himself. The parent, a Hamburg lawyer, at one time a Cabinet minister and later an ambassador, was pretty sure of the answer. He was wrong. August said he wanted to be a merchant. "And what is a merchant?" asked the disappointed man. August had to admit that he didn't know. His father called him a fool and sent him to a business school in Switzerland to find out.

Prior to that, August had spent several years at a boarding school near Heidelberg where he had to rise at five of winter mornings and study two hours before breakfast. In summer the rising hour was four-thirty. Dawdlers were encouraged to get up by being doused with cold water. The pupils were taught to speak Latin as well as parse it, and seventy-odd years later Mr. Heckscher still uses an occasional Latin phrase. He received at this Spartan institution all the academic training he was ever to have.

When he was sixteen his father died, and young Heckscher was apprenticed to the Hamburg importing firm which was his real alma mater. Now that he is over eighty, business still engages his attention to the exclusion of everything but his philanthropies, which he superintends personally with all the business acumen that has won him his Midas touch. For college he has only polite scorn. His respect is reserved for the man with "brains." He likes to quote the retort he heard made by his late friend, Theodore Roosevelt, to the prophecy that labor would yet be the master of capital: "Never without brains!"

HAVING concluded his Hamburg apprenticeship, Heckscher sailed for the country where he was to use his own brains in the accumulation and, later, the distribution of millions. He landed in New York in 1868, with five hundred dollars in his money-belt, a solid business training under his cap, and in his pocket the address of a cousin who had large mining interests in Pennsylvania. He had only a limited knowledge of English, so he rented a hall bedroom near Cooper Union, and bought a membership card at the Mercantile Library nearby. (He recalls that he paid eight dollars for it: he has a good memory for figures.) He would borrow a novel by Dickens or Thackeray, or a volume of Smollett, and study a page until he knew it by heart.

Though he learned English from the prolix Victorians, he expends no unnecessary words. On one occasion certain oil wells in which he had sunk a small fortune were threatening to give out and, in his absence, an associate sent him a report on the situation in the form of a thirty-four-word telegram. Mr. Heckscher remitted his instructions in reply by letter, adding, in a postscript: "Your thirty-four-word telegram received. Wouldn't the following have sufficed?" and stated the whole case in nine words. Words are not the only things he hates to waste. He is apt, however, to be more careful with his nickels than with his millions. During the recent crash he observed serenely to a friend: "Lost half a million today—fine weather to be cheerful," and a day or two later: "Well, lost a little over half a million—guess it's time to take a vacation."

HECKSCHER's first business connection in this country was with his cousin, who owned twenty thousand acres of anthracite deposit in Schuylkill County. When young August went to Shenandoah as a boy of twenty, beer picnics and shootings were the order of the day, and so constant was the warfare between the bosses and the Molly Maguires that trouser pockets were tailored so as to permit a man to shoot straight from the hip.

He had been in the coal business some sixteen years when the Heckscher coal lands were sold to the Reading Railroad Company. His next venture was zinc-mining. Coincident with this change in his business interests came his marriage to Anna Atkins, of Pottsville. The Reading Company went bankrupt before the coal lands were paid for, and Heckscher found himself without enough capital for his new business and with very little cash for his new household. During the honeymoon he devised a special bookkeeping system for the family budget. He can still reckon his expenses almost exactly, and he still has that first budget book.

Not long after he went to South Bethlehem as business manager of the zinc company, the concern engaged in litigation which involved a battle royal for the title and possession of the richest deposit in the field. Heckscher spent his nights studying every phase of the situation that would help him to keep the property, and one week during the struggle he did not go to bed at all. Business, no less than art, demands its sacrifices. It took him ten years to win the case, and with it his first fortune. The outcome of the affair was the reorganization in 1897 of the New Jersey Zinc Company, of which he became general manager.

The money that he made in the zinc business he employed in various other enterprises no less fortunate. He now has large interests in petroleum, tobacco, and copper, and some five millions invested, less happily, in Florida. His orange groves there, however, supply hundreds of children in the New York slums with fresh fruit. Incidentally Mr. Heckscher's original estimate of what it would cost to pick, crate, transport, and distribute these oranges was correct almost to a penny.

It was in real estate that he made his second great fortune. His transactions in the Murray Hill section and around Fifty-seventh Street made several millions grow where only one had grown before. Next to real estate, the buying and selling of stocks is now perhaps his chief activity. He plays the market with a skill that has added materially to his wealth.

There was a brief period, after his big fight for the zinc property, when he might have said that he wasn't in business for his health. The effect of that strenuous decade was to bring him to

the verge of a breakdown, but he almost literally hammered himself back into shape. He still has the habit of punishing his head with his knuckles when it threatens him with an ache.

A slight, short man, with the crumpled, rosy skin of healthy old age, he maintains many of the habits that have kept him physically fit. He has been an early riser since childhood and does not loll abed in his ninth decade. He reads his morning *Times* before rising and then gets up to partake of a light breakfast. By ten-thirty or eleven he is at the office. Luncheon, unless he is entertaining a guest, is likely to be a glass of half-and-half. Food does not interest him, but he likes a glass of wine, and has unprintable opinions about the drys. At about a quarter to six he goes home, walking, if the weather is fine, for his Park Avenue residence is not far from his office on the twentieth floor at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue. After dinner he may take in a musical comedy or fulfill some social obligation, but he is more apt to meet with a committee on one of his multitudinous philanthropies, or to spend the hours until bedtime studying the details of the carefully typed reports on them that he regularly receives.

AFTER his first wife's death, in 1924, Mr. Heckscher lived alone until a few weeks ago, when he married Mrs. Edwin Burr Curtiss, who had been associated with him for some time in child-welfare work. His son and daughter are both married, and have families and interests of their own. Mr. Heckscher generally leaves New York for his St. Augustine estate during the winter months, and goes abroad for a few weeks in May and June, dividing his time among his relatives and his philanthropies there. Munich is one of his chief objectives. He has made large gifts to two of its hospitals. The rest of the summer he has been in the habit of spending on his estate at King's Point at Great Neck on the Sound, coming to New York in the hottest weather by a small express cruiser, to keep a pale but blue eye on his business transactions. He expects, however, to transfer his summer home to Westchester, partly in order to be near the camps he has established there for those whom he likes to call "the underprivileged."

Business and philanthropy are literally his only interests. He has a great admiration for Mozart, but cares nothing for modern music, and less, if possible, for modern painting. His reading consists chiefly of detective stories and the newspaper, which he examines thoroughly, as behooves a man who is emphatically "still in business." Then there is annually the rereading of some novel by Dickens. Mr. Heckscher is one of the few men now living who saw Dickens plain, on the occasion of the novelist's second visit to the States.

Though he is the son of a statesman

"Sure, I can bring a friend along."

and the father of a viscountess, he has never discovered the charms of politics or society. Golf bores him. So do cards. He is a good, if slow, chess-player. He has always been fond of yachting (his real-estate company is named for an old yacht) and has a passion for swimming. Both at Great Neck and in St. Augustine the pool is a prominent feature of his estate, and his afternoon dip one of his chief pleasures.

His fondness for the sea and his admiration of a good gambler were alike evidenced in the cash gift which he made to the captain and crew of the German submarine which made its way here in wartime. His summer estate was then at Huntington, L. I. After we entered the war, several of his patriotic neighbors there remembered this gift against him. One good lady could have all but sworn that he signalled from his parapet to German submarines in the Sound.

It was to the community of Huntington that he made the gift of a park, an athletic field, and a museum. The walls of his office are decorated with plans and pictures of this, among other philanthropic schemes of his. Although he engages no public-relations counsel and publicly disclaims any liking for publicity, most of his benefactions are a matter of public knowledge. In fact, unlike other large philanthropists, such as Otto Kahn or John D. Rockefeller, Mr. Heckscher is the old-fashioned type of benefactor whose projects are apt to appeal to the general public. Such abstractions as art and science do not get the benefit of his surplus millions as readily as will a certain physician who has a method of cure that appeals to Mr. Heckscher, or a certain priest who comes with stories of his poor. Not that his objectives are small, but in charity, as in business, he likes to see results.

He still hopes to induce other rich men to join him in assembling five hundred millions to wipe out the New York slums, and perhaps to follow the example he plans to set them in St. John's County, Florida, of destroying the bad health conditions which create poverty there. Sometimes his projects are discouraged by his friends and sometimes, if rarely, he reconsiders them. One such instance was when he wanted to engage Frieda Hempel, at a salary of forty-eight thousand dollars a year, to sing for charity exclusively. Mr. Heckscher changed his mind and Madame Hempel sued him for breach of contract. The matter was eventually settled out of court.

ONE of his largest and best-known philanthropies is the Heckscher Foundation for Children, a kind of super-settlement house, to which he gives annually the sum of ninety-six thousand dollars. The Foundation started when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children asked Mr. Heckscher for a bus to transport the children from one house of detention to another. His response was a donation of five million dollars, which did give them a bus and, incidentally, a spacious, well-lighted building just off the Park at Fifth Avenue and 105th Street, where the donor expected their charges would learn the smoother side of life. He was outraged to discover that the new building, with its barred windows and prisonlike rooms, was virtually duplicating the conditions of the old quarters at Inwood. A controversy followed, sufficiently heated to have left a permanent sore spot in the minds of Mr. Heckscher's associates. In the end, he was compelled to recognize that the work of the Society, which involves the care of delinquents, is quite different from the welfare work in which he is interested. As a result, the Heckscher Foundation has completely separated from its next-door neighbor, the Society, which is allowed to occupy its quarters rent-free but is otherwise ignored.

At present, one of the most considerable functions of the Foundation —which engages in all the activities of a settlement, maintaining classes, a printshop, a theatre, an orchestra, a gymnasium, clubs of sorts—is to secure situations for the hundreds of boys and girls who come daily to apply for jobs. On Mr. Heckscher's desk is an elaborately bound scrapbook containing grateful letters from some of the young people who have secured work through this bureau. He fingers it with loving pride.

The Foundation also maintains four camps at Peekskill, one for small children, one for boys, one for girls, and one for charwomen. The latter, after having been recommended as worthy and certified as healthy, enjoy two weeks of freedom from pails and scrubbing brushes and tenement bedrooms. They are encouraged to make the most of their fortnight in the country by Mr. Heckscher in person. He leaves the comforts of his Great Neck estate for one day in every week to see how the camps are getting on. He relishes watching the children at their athletics and the old women in their rocking-chairs.

"You know, Mrs. Creighton, you do give rather dull parties."

IN spite of the size of his benefactions and the manner in which they ramify, he manages them almost single-handed. The work of the Foundation is practically administered by three men: Mr. Heckscher, one of his closest business associates, and the managing director at 104th Street. The personal attention he gives to his charities has

"It was right on this spot, Albert, where you first tried to kiss me and I was so offended."

• •

not been withdrawn from his business. It would be truer to say that his business sense has been applied to his philanthropies. When he realizes an unexpected windfall, his charities benefit, but they do not run on margin. Not long ago he organized an industrial corporation, jointly controlled by himself and the Foundation, the latter owning fifty-one per cent of the stock, so that its future is assured.

If he has definite ideas as to what the poor deserve, he has equally definite ones about what the rich require. He thinks that after a man has made his million, done his duty by his family, and provided for his heirs, he should devote both his surplus income and his leisure to social service. It is said that he has estimated the annual income necessary for a child reared in luxury to be fifteen thousand dollars, and that he has left each of his eight grandchildren an income of that amount, with the proviso that they may not touch the principal. There is no doubt that he follows his own precept and puts himself into his charities, but though his gifts run to fabulous sums, he has not limited his private fortune to a million. It is about fifty or sixty times that much.

The contemporaries whom he most admires are Thomas Edison and Charles Schwab—the first for his "brains," the latter for his humanity. "The gifts that Charles Schwab has made," says Mr. Heckscher, with even more than his usual earnestness, "cannot be imagined. That's why he's so poor: he gives so much. I always tell him he can't afford it, but he won't listen. It's pitiful."

WHEN Mr. Heckscher was asked recently what he would change if he had his long life to live over again, he replied that he would give less attention to business and more to his family—a response typical of the American businessman. And that, for all his German birth and foreign schooling, Mr. Heckscher preëminently is. He believes that competition is not only the life of trade, but the secret of success, that native shrewdness is more valuable than inherited wealth, and that government should not interfere with business, except, of course, to help it. When reproached, as he sometimes is, with being a Socialist, he is not indignant: his tone is rather that of a man slightly hurt. He insists that he does not believe in Socialism, but in social service.

The two words with which his associates often describe him are "dynamic" and "precise." His miraculously accurate guesses as to good investments are what they mean by his precision. As for the dynamo, it purrs you as gently as any sucking dove. Outside the directors' room, at any rate, this alert little man is surprisingly lacking in aggressiveness. Possibly both adjectives could be telescoped into the single word "businesslike." August Heckscher has practically devoted his life to answering his father's question: "What is a merchant?" —BABETTE DEUTSCH

•

The oblasts are subdivided into okrugs, which are something like American counties, and the okrugs in turn are divided into rayons, or townships, with an average of seven okrugs to each oblast and five townships to each okrug. It is now proposed to eliminate the okrugs altogether. *—Walter Duranty in the Times.*

Couldn't go far wrong.

SAINT'S DAY IN ELIZABETH STREET

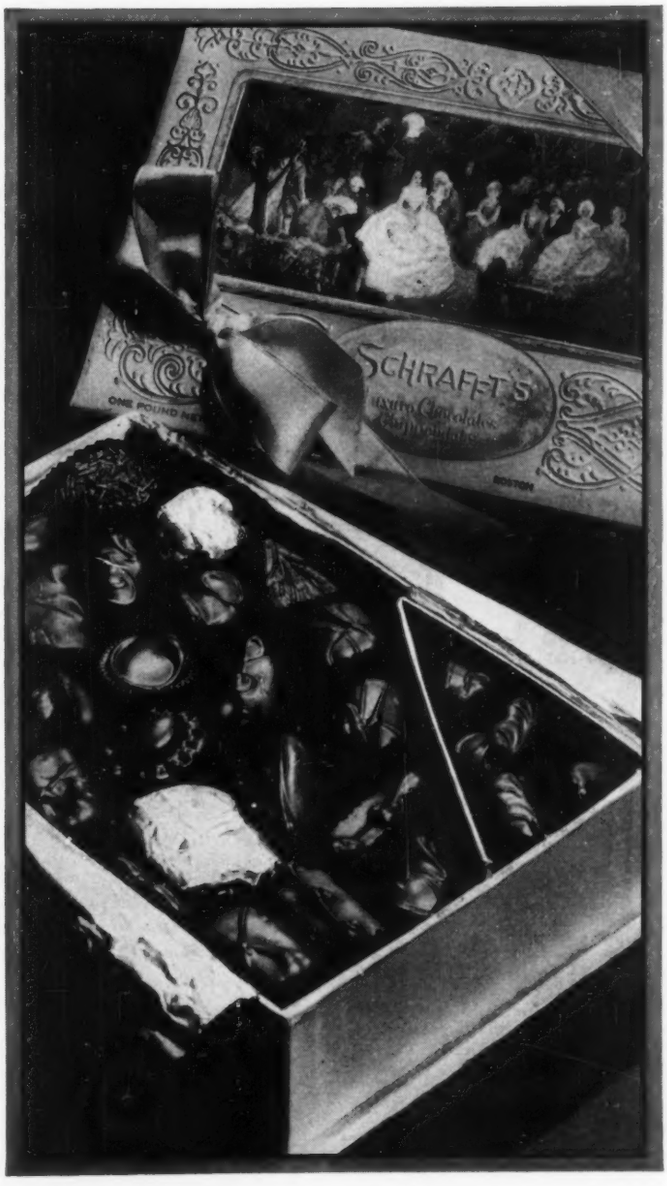
THE strings of colored lights. The flags. The bunting. Your ingenuous excitement at the prospect of any sort of celebration. The friend who says it is too hot to get out of the car. The friend who says all crowds below Grand Street smell exclusively of garlic. The benevolent soul who says he'll go with you but it will probably be terrible. The sidewalks, narrow and very crowded. The street, so jammed that it is impassable even to taxi-drivers. The fire-escapes, dripping confetti. The young men in straw hats and collarless pastel shirts. The girls in printed chiffon. The girls in satin with fringes. Their mothers in black with ornate combs and brooches containing photographs of deceased relatives. The children, more or less suffocated but patient. The balloons. The rubber beach dolls. The canary whistles. The ice cream. The little horse-drawn merry-go-round doing a thriving business on the corner. The girl in red who says there is going to be a procession in honor of Saint Fortunata. The old man who says proudly there are going to be angels, doves, and fireworks. The light-hearted excitement. The genial camaraderie. The furtive glance at your companion, who is looking sad but resigned.

The outdoor shrine built across two storefronts. The candles. The artificial flowers. The wax models of various interesting portions of the human anatomy, offerings from grateful invalids. The reviewing-stand painted green, and somewhat shaky. The young man ably defending it against small boys who are fond of climbing. The woman in black who says cheerfully that the crowd kind of makes you think of the subway. The scattered policemen, dignified but helpless. The important gentleman on the fire-escape holding a large wreath tastefully composed of dollar bills. Your secret terror that he is going to toss it into the crowd, in which case you will be trampled on and die unnoticed. The mysterious ropes stretched across the street from third-story windows. The man who explains helpfully that those are for the angels. Your companion, who is swaying with the tide like a piece of seaweed, depressed and quite beyond all speech.

THE unsuccessful effort to clear the street. The slightly uncoordinated band in blue with scarlet facings. The red and gold banners. The elderly men with badges and lighted candles. The flower-trimmed litter with a glass casket containing a small, recumbent statue of the Saint. The general flurry as it is set down directly in front of you. The thirty little girls with white veils and a banner proclaiming that they are the Virgins of Saint Fortunata. The terrible moment when everybody realizes that thirty little girls in their best frocks cannot possibly shinny up the posts of the reviewing-stand and nobody has thought to provide a staircase. The men with badges who run shouting in all directions. The brisk old lady who pops out of her basement with a singularly decrepit ladder. The gentleman on the fire-escape, who at this moment lets his valuable wreath down on a clothesline until it rests with charming effect on top of the casket. The admiring cheers that greet this act of graceful liberality. The first and fattest of the little virgins, who gives one agonized glance at the ladder and bursts into tears.

THE general enjoyment as the thirty little girls are handed up rather like buckets in a fire brigade. Their song, practically inaudible, owing to strain and stagefright. The hoarse shouts. The anxious wait. The loud creaking of ropes as two hovering

When THREE *is awfully good company*



WHEN the threesome happens to be you, a good book and a box of Schrafft's —then three *is* good company!

And to prove it — just take a box of this delicious candy home with you when your favorite easy chair coaxes you to spend an evening there.

Until very recently, these famous Schrafft's candies were available only to a few people — they were sold only in New York, Boston and Syracuse. Now they are sold by dealers everywhere — in cities and towns throughout the country — in stores near you —wherever good candies are sold. And you'll find them surprisingly better than any candy you ever before tasted.

D'or Elegant — $2.00 a pound; Chippendale — $1.50 a pound; Dresden — $1.25 a pound; Jolivet — $1.25 a pound; Plain — $1.00 a pound; Pall Mall — $1.00 a pound; Nuts, Fruits & Creams — $1.00 a pound.

SCHRAFFT'S

CHOCOLATES AND FINE CONFECTIONS

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

JAECKEL

DOES **NOT**
HAVE AN
August Fur Sale
BUT

Jaeckel furs are now within the reach of even the Moderate purse—first—because our highly skilled workers *must* be kept employed during the summer months—secondly—because we have made stupendous savings in our purchases of raw pelts this season.

■

H. JAECKEL & SONS
FIFTH AVENUE at 45th STREET

angels are jerked into view by the efficient mechanism which Elizabeth Street housewives use in hanging out their laundry. The wings. The crowns. The paper flowers. The gilded palm leaf. The tennis shoes. The sturdy legs in pink, ribbed stockings. The terror-stricken angel in blue with his blond wig over one ear. The angel in rose color, pale but extremely competent. The poetic tributes to the Saint, delivered rapidly in shrill tones of panic. The three startled pigeons that flap hurriedly up into the darkness. The sigh of relief as the heavenly visitors are hauled in like the Monday washing. The fireworks, brief and very noisy. The crowd, which is beginning to shift. The letdown. The vague sadness. The feeling of incompleteness which you cannot quite understand.

THE tired parents already beginning to round up their offspring. The girl who has to get to work early tomorrow. The young man who wonders loudly what they have on at the movies. The realization that there should be a rowdy street fair with gaudy booths, sideshows, flying horses, dancing, and a great deal of bad but cheerful music. Your sudden longing for a town with terrace cafés and trees and fountains. Your escort, who asks with biting courtesy whether he may now look for a taxi. Your fatigued acquiescence and the last delightful glimpse of the two angels surrounded by admiring friends and, now that it is all over, having a perfectly lovely time. —ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

FOUND—Male, black and tan Pekingese; string of glass beads; male collie dog; purse containing money and a key; female English bulldog; a 5-year-old colored boy; bank book marked Agnes Wallace. Call Miss James. Liberty 4000.—*Adv. in the Boston American.*

"Call Miss James" our eye! Let her pull her own chestnuts out of the woodpile!

•

I meant to do my work today
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.
And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?
—*Richard Le Gallienne in the Minneapolis Business Woman.*

You could have at least shaken hands.

Yeast *expels* body poisons...

EXPLAINS INTESTINAL SPECIALIST

Dr. Catalina of Madrid tells of simple way to keep intestines active!

WORRIED about your health? Then read what this brilliant authority advises . . . Dr. Alberto Catalina, of the Society of Medicine and Surgery of Spain!

Dr. Catalina's astounding surgical feats early won him the applause of the European medical world. He is the author of an important treatise, "Constipation." He says:

"To combat constipation and related disturbances of nutrition and the skin, we have a highly effective remedy in yeast.

"Recent experiments," Dr. Catalina explains, "have confirmed the importance of yeast in no uncertain terms. It stimulates digestion and frees the system from a great quantity of poison."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, actually strengthens the intestines . . . "tones" them up to function normally. Food wastes are gently cleared away. Appetite picks up. Your whole system is purified, invigorated!

Try it! Eat 3 cakes of *Fleischmann's* Yeast every day. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions are on the label.

BELOW: "I was worried about my digestion," *writes* A. O. BELDING *of San Francisco.* "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and was soon back in good shape again."

"Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, my doctor recommended"

"I had contracted intestinal trouble," *writes* MRS. MARGUERITE FALKENBURG, *of Flushing, N. Y.* (at left). "A doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it. And today I'm in the very pink of health."

Famous Doctors urge this Health Care!

DR. DARTIGUES, former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris, asserts: "Yeast is a harmless way to keep intestines clean and maintain vitality."

DR. GUSTAV SINGER, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University of Vienna, states: "Yeast is the best way to keep the intestines free of germs."

DR. ALMKVIST, head of Stockholm's great St. Göran Hospital, explains: "I have used yeast for 25 years. It keeps the whole intestinal tract in a healthy, clean condition."

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE THANATOPSIS MURDER CASE

IT was in the autumn of 1930 that the mysterious sequence of killings known as the Thanatopsis Murder Case induced my friend Philo Nance to put aside his little monograph on Lettish folk music and place his amazing powers of analysis at the service of the infuriated authorities. He had already rendered the Homicide Squad somewhat restive by the singularly distasteful blend of penetration, nonchalance and recondite erudition he displayed in solving that series of grisly throat-cuttings which makes the name Desbrosses still one to shudder at around Police Headquarters.* He was yet to attack the pretty problem involved in the discovery of Captain Basil Saltonstall's decapitated body left behind in a grand parterre box at the Metropolitan on an odd Wednesday in March.**

It was towards midnight of a bland October evening that Nance had sent for me to turn the music for Crumpet, his valet. One might have hesitated to describe Nance as a man's man, but Crumpet was unmistakably a gentleman's gentleman. Crumpet's familiarity with Bagdad patois, in which he and his master always conversed while the latter was dressing for dinner, kept Nance's Persian freshly idiomatic and, what with his knack for threading the mazes of Nance's musical iconography and his happy touch on the *viola da gamba*, Crumpet was invaluable in the preparations for that series of practically unreadable brochures which were Nance's real interest.

CRUMPET had run through two or three exquisite gavottes that evening, while his listening master lay supine on the Damascene table, when the harsh summons of the doorbell evoked the reminder that New York, seething with avarice and lust and mayhem, lay all around us. Crumpet put aside his musical instrument and became once again the perfect English gentleman's gentleman. A moment later he was ushering in District Attorney Heron.

The friendship between Nance, the young amateur, and Heron, the grizzled prosecutor, had begun when Nance was a schoolmate of Heron's great-grandson at Lawrenceville. Nance tells me that even now he is at work on his memoirs of that haze-hung chapter in his life.***

District Attorney Heron, the most handsome and distinguished-looking prosecutor the county had elected since dear old Travers Jerome withdrew to private life, was frankly worried. "Nance," he said as he came forward into the light of the amethyst lamp which glowed beside the music-rack, "there's trouble at the Thanatopsis Club."

Crumpet and I paled in unison at the mention of that notorious group of gamblers whose weekly poker-games were affairs of inviolable secrecy, except now and again when want would drive one of the brethren to sell a magazine article about them.

"Trouble at the Thanatopsis?" drawled Nance. "How dooced disquietin'!"

"You may well say so," the District Attorney replied, "and we must put a stop to it or the newspapers will hound us unmercifully. In the second round of stud this evening, a kibitzer, who was standing with her foot on the chair rung of one of the players, was shot through the temple."

"Disquietin', yes," drawled Nance, "but no jury would convict."

"That was only the beginning," Heron continued. "Ten minutes later, in a draw round, a player had just thrown down his hand with the words 'All pink' when he was stabbed in the back with some blunt instrument."

I could tell by the way Nance got off the table that the case interested him. Instinctively Crumpet withdrew to put out his evening things and within two hours we were all three getting into the low Abyssinian racer which Nance has built for him each year in Addis Ababa. Always in touch with the underworld, Heron had already learned over the telephone that by this time there had been more murder and only two players were still alive.

"Half a quid for you if you reach the Thanatopsis in twenty minutes," Nance drawled to his chauffeur and we started uptown, speculating on the possible motives for such wholesale slaughter. Nance broke the silence.

"Where is William De Mille?" he asked, in his peculiar drawl.

"In California," the District Attorney replied.

"And Charles G. Norris?"

"In California."

"How too, too sick-making," drawled Nance, whose lovable foible it was thus to keep abreast, by cable, of current Anglicisms.

A CURIOUS crowd was gathered around the entrance as we mounted at last to the famous gaming-rooms. Five corpses sat around the baize table, each toppled over his own stack of chips. Sergeant Heath of the Homicide Squad glared at Nance as we entered.

"Ah, the blasted Heath," said Nance. "'Timeo Danaos,' eh, Sergeant?"

"I don't know what you're a-getting at, Mr. Nance," said Heath, who was always mysteriously angered by my friend's abstracted lapses into obscure quotations. "We can rule out robbery. Not a chip has been touched. But we must not disturb these bodies till the Coroner's physician sees them."

"Then I might as well deal," said one of the two remaining players, a heavy loser who later gave his name as Heywood Broun, white, single, 27, of 333 West 85th Street. The grim game went on, all of us watching intently, until Nance suddenly switched off the lights. A shot splintered the darkness. The restored illumination showed only one living player left at the table, his vis-a-vis lying slain across a full house. At last Nance's drawl broke in upon our thunderstruck silence.

"I think you'll find that's the man you want, Sergeant," he said. "Come, Heron, we've just enough time for the Perugini Rhapsody in B Minor at Carnegie Hall."

—S. S. VAN WOOLLCOTT

*"The Ferry-Boat Murder Case." Scribner's. 1929

**"The Augmented Fifth Murder Case." Scribner's. In Preparation.

***"Vile Buddies." Covici-Friede. In Preparation.

PRESIDENT EIGHT STATE VICTORIA FOR FIVE
On the 136-inch wheelbase, affording abundant legroom. World Champion 122-horsepower engine. Safety glass throughout. Price $2350, at the factory. Six wire wheels and luggage grid standard. Bumpers and spare tires extra

Actual unretouched photograph

FREE WHEELING! The sensation of 1930!

Studebaker's epochal contribution to motoring

STUDEBAKER'S seasoned, *champion* Eights have literally captured America with the thrill of Free Wheeling. Studebaker's newest and greatest contribution to motoring pleasure and economy. Only Studebaker, in the new President and Commander Eights, offers Free Wheeling *with positive control.* It is manufactured under Studebaker patents.

You use the clutch only to start or back up . . . you shift at any speed — forty, fifty miles an hour — back and forth between high and second, *and never touch the clutch!*

You find nothing new to learn — nothing to un-learn. The full braking power of the engine is always available, when desired.

Free Wheeling saves 12 per cent of gasoline, 20 per cent of oil — even more in heavy traffic. Tires wear longer. Chassis life is greater.

Free Wheeling performance is matched by coachcraft of arresting grace—by greater power, longer wheelbases, new steering ease, and richer, more spacious interiors.

Try Free Wheeling *with positive control* —an achievement of Studebaker's 78 years of manufacturing progress. Nobody can tell you, but one ride will sell you Free Wheeling.

The World Champion PRESIDENT . . . *The World Famous* COMMANDER

If a Warm Wind Sets You Roving

If you are a vagabond, deep in your heart — if the city gets too small when a soft breeze drifts down the stone cañons — Packards are built for moods like yours. They can humor your slightest whim — slip effortlessly through the countryside, climb smoothly up winding byroads or over the faintest trails.

Accept our invitation to drive a new Packard Standard Eight. Take it out where it has room to show what it can do. Let it prove that it can satisfy that longing to be going somewhere as no car has ever done before.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Broadway at 61st Street
Eleventh Avenue at 54th Street
Broadway at Sherman Avenue
(near 196th Street)

BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD CO., INC.
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX CO., INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

FREE LUNCH

"HELLO, Irene. How's things?" From behind the high white counter Irene gazed contemptuously at a hatless youth, in the Broadway approximation of a polo shirt, plus fours, domestic golf hose, and an American six-dollar copy of England's latest twenty-two-dollar walking shoes. The youth chose this costume for the business of polishing instruments in a music store.

"Say, what's the matter?" he asked.

"'What's the matter?' You oughta ask me 'What's the matter?' I guess I could ask you 'What's the matter with you?' only I ain't interested."

Two portly customers approached the soda-and-lunch counter, taking up positions four or five feet from the youth. The fountain girl ignored them.

"Listen, Irene," the youth said plaintively. "You and me are pals, ain't we? You got some squawk coming I don't know nothing about. What's the grief?"

"What's the idea of tellin' Jimmie you can't never pay no checks for lunches at this counter when I'm on duty? What's the idea? That don't sound like no pal's work to me. I give you a break toward your Saturday-night date money, and then you spill it to an oilcan like Jimmie. Suppose Jimmie went to Mr. Liggett and let him in on things. What would Mr. Liggett say to me? Plenty. That's what. (Just a minute, sirs. Just a minute. We're waiting for some syrup.)"

"IRENE, I swear to Gawd I didn't say nothin' to Jimmie about checks, or about you. All I said was I wouldn't eat lunch with him at the Automat. That's all I said about lunch. Some of the other girls must have got wise what we was workin', and maybe they was jealous because I wouldn't let none of them except you wait on me. Maybe they got to Jimmie. Me, I never mentioned nothin' about you to Jimmie, only I said I was gonna try to date you for Coney some Saturday night. That's the Gawd's honest truth, so help me Gawd, Irene. That's the truth."

Irene gave a tug at her fountain apron.

"If I thought you was kiddin' me, I wouldn't never speak to you again," she said. "But, I got to admit these other girls back of this fountain are jealous like snakes. Maybe they did get wise, and tell Jimmie. Jimmie's no friend of yours, Al."

"Don't tell me. I know it, Irene."

"If we went to Coney, would it be on the subway or the bus?"

"Subway? Not you and me, Irene. Think I'm a piker? It'll be the bus, or it'll be the boat. And—"

"Just a minute, Al, till I see what these two guys want."

Displaying considerable displeasure, Irene waited on the two portly gentlemen.

"I NEVER been on the boat to Coney," she remarked, returning to Al.

"Then you ain't really never seen Coney," said Al, with conviction. "And I'm the baby that's gonna show it to you right."

"When?"

"Say," said Al, doing some quick mathematics involving weekly lunch money and a trip to Coney, "what's the matter with this Saturday night?"

"I got three dates for this Saturday night," said Irene. "I figured on breaking two of them, but I'll break the three if you say so."

"Okay," said Al, "put on your sea clothes. And now I guess I'd better scram for the shop."

"Wait," said Irene. "You didn't have no lunch to eat."

Al demurred. He had three cents.

Irene seemed to understand. She was gracious.

"That tuna, with may-naze, is a swell number today," she said.

Al yielded.

"How about a lemonade?" asked Irene, glancing about as though there was a distinct possibility Mr. Liggett might walk into her life—something he never before had done.

—JOHN FORBES

•

Is there a visiting red bull at your home? Mrs. L. Watkins would appreciate the favor if you would phone her and tell her about it.—*Iowa paper.*

We once had a visiting Elk, which was bad enough.

Among recent conceptions in
Udall and Ballou jeweled pieces:
the necklace—baguette, round, and fancy
diamonds....$3,800. The bracelet—
baguette, round, and fancy diamonds....$5,800.

Udall and Ballou
JEWELERS SINCE 1888
5th Avenue at 57th Street
NEWPORT—PARIS OFFICE, *48 Rue Lafayette*—PALM BEACH

THAT WAS NEW YORK

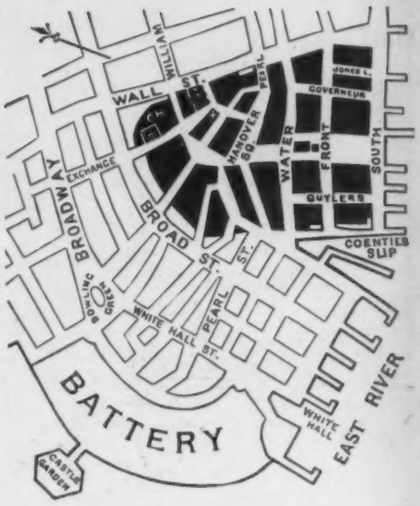
THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835

WHEN darkness fell upon New York on Wednesday, December 16, 1835, the metropolis settled grimly down to endure one of the coldest nights within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The thermometer, which had been hovering between twelve and fifteen degrees below zero for several days, had dropped to seventeen, and from the northwest roared an icy gale that whistled threateningly in the eaves and rocked the smaller buildings until they tottered on their foundations. Upon the sidewalks and pavements lay two feet of closely packed snow; it had been falling steadily for twenty-four hours. The Hudson River was frozen, and so was the East River except for a narrow channel; the wells, cisterns, and reservoirs contained nothing but solid blocks of ice, and only a tiny trickle flowed sluggishly in the ice-choked logs by which water was piped through the lower half of the city. Water was the scarcest commodity in New York; the men who ordinarily peddled it from carts had been driven from the streets by the cold and the snow, and even the richest citizens were compelled to lug home cakes of ice and melt them in their ovens.

A few minutes after nine o'clock a private watchman employed by the insurance companies saw smoke floating from a window of a five-story structure at 25 Merchant Street, now a part of Hanover Street. Unable to enter the building, the watchman ran through the streets crying for help, and within a few minutes the great bell in the cupola of City Hall had loosed its brazen clamor into the storm. Other stations quickly took up the alarm, and soon the city was filled with the frenzied ringing of bells, and the hoarse shouting of excited men as the firemen pushed and pulled their engines and other apparatus through the deep snow. But in less than half an hour, long before the first feeble stream of water had splashed upon the flames, the fire had spread to Water Street and Exchange Place, destroying the buildings on both sides of Old and Coenties Slips, and thence to Beaver, Front, and South Streets. By midnight the conflagration was raging fiercely in a rectangular area some thirteen acres in extent and including seventeen blocks bounded, roughly, by Coenties Slip and Broad, Wall, and South Streets. This was the financial and business heart of New York, containing the banks, the insurance offices, the Merchants' Exchange (the stock exchange of the period), many dwellings and factories, several churches, most of the newspaper plants, and the most important of the retail and wholesale stores and warehouses. The crowded shipping in the East River was also endangered, but fortunately the channel was open, and the vessels were saved by being moved into the middle of the stream. One ship, a brig, caught fire, but the flames were extinguished by members of her crew.

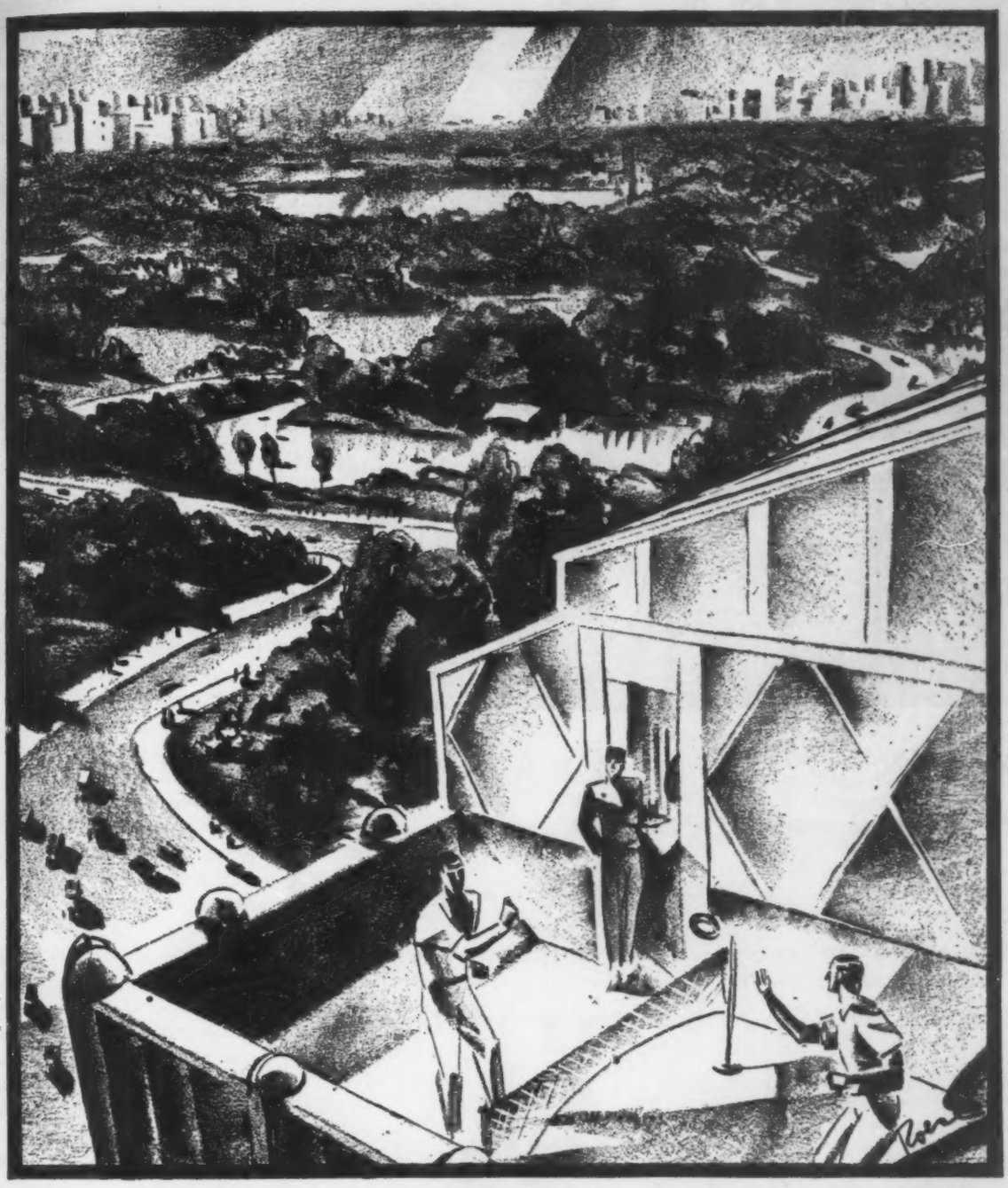
EVERY fire company in New York had answered the alarm, and within two hours after the fire had been discovered more than seventy-five engines, hose carts, and hook-and-ladder trucks were on the scene, while hundreds of citizens had brought buckets, pails, and tubs. But most of the apparatus was useless. The thin streams that came from the hydrants would not throw more than thirty feet, and they were so feeble that the wind blew them back against the firemen who held the hose pipes, quickly coating the men with ice. Additional water could be obtained only by melting the cisterns and wells, and by chopping through the ice at the ends of piers and docks. Almost as rapidly as water was pumped into the hose it froze and impeded the flow, and if an engine stopped working for more than a few seconds the machinery froze so solid that it could not be started again without breaking some essential part of the mechanism. Several engines were lowered off the docks onto the ice and worked from that vantage point, and Black Joke Engine No. 33 was dragged onto the deck of a ship, and from there pumped water through three other engines and finally into the fire in Wall Street. The men of Black Joke labored at their machine for five hours, and then stopped to rest. A moment later the engine was so frozen that it could not be operated. Two other engines were destroyed by fires built under them to thaw them out.

Two structures, the Journal of Commerce building in Garden Street and the restaurant operated by Downing, the Oyster King, in Broad Street, were saved by the use of vinegar, great casks of which were rolled out of Downing's place and poured



THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835—THE BURNED DISTRICT IN BLACK. "X" SHOWS WHERE THE FIRE STARTED

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1835, FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT



HIGH ABOVE THE PARK!

SUN-TAN BATHS » » DECK TENNIS » » IN THE OPEN AIR OR UNDER HEALTH-GIVING GLASS » » THE BARBIZON-PLAZA

running through from 58th to 59th, overlooks all of Central Park, from the upper floors, and overlooks the best part of it from the Sixth Avenue facade . . . Handy to surface car or subway, and midway between a bus and a bridle path! . . . And every morning the Continental Breakfast is sent to your room . . . delivered silently, and gratuitously . . . no waiting—no waiter . . . placed in a recess in your door without disturbing you while shaving, bathing, or dressing . . . ready the minute you want it . . .

Room, BREAKFAST and Bath . . . $17.50 to $45 weekly.

Transient Rates $3.00 to $6.00 daily. Studio Apartments . . . yearly $1500 to $5000.

BARBIZON-PLAZA

101 West 58th Street • Central Park South • New York

Under same management—the celebrated Barbizon Hotel for women at 140 E. 63rd St. Rates $14-$22 weekly. Wm. H. Silk, Director

"A.B.A. CHEQUES? . . . AYE, MADAM! They're a' a' richt . . . They've a natural appeal to a Scotsman, ye ken? . . . Ye're money is sae *safe* . . . Ye're frae Detroit, judging by the bank's name on the cheque . . . I've a motor car frae there mysel' . . . Aye! . . . I'm thinkin' the wee lad'll be likin' his kilt . . . Thank ye, madam . . ."

The safety of A. B. A. Cheques is only a part of their usefulness. They are convenient to buy and convenient to use. They are as acceptable as gold the world around, in payment for goods and services. The experienced traveler carries A. B. A. Cheques. Buy them at your own bank; spend them anywhere.

A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

into an engine, which pumped it on the flames. But the supply was soon exhausted, and realizing that they could not obtain sufficient water or other liquid to accomplish anything, the firemen turned their attention to saving property. At first it did not seem likely that the flames would reach Hanover Square, and in that apparently safe area were heaped great piles of valuable merchandise, including silks, satins, laces, baskets of champagne, and cases of wine and fine tea. About an hour after midnight, however, the warehouse of Peter Remsen & Company, on the southeast corner of the square, burst into flames, and a gust of wind blew burning embers into the piles of goods. They were destroyed before anyone could rescue them.

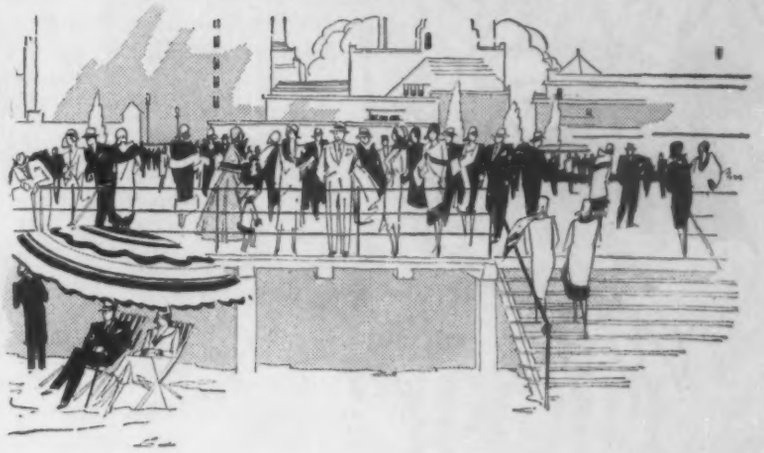
MANY merchants carried their stocks into the Dutch Reformed Church in Garden Street, and into the Merchants' Exchange, which was on the south side of Wall Street, between William and Hanover Streets, and extended rearward to Exchange Place. Both buildings were eventually burned. The Exchange did not catch fire until two o'clock in the morning of Thursday, December 17. Half a dozen sailors, members of a detachment sent from the Navy Yard, carried out a large quantity of merchandise, and also attempted to save a marble statue of Alexander Hamilton, which stood in the rotunda of the building. They were removing it from the pedestal when a warning cry was raised that the structure was about to collapse, and they fled into the street just in time to escape being buried in the ruins. Within another hour the church in Garden Street was also in flames, and the fire spread so rapidly that none of the property which had been stored in it could be saved. Soon after the edifice was discovered to be on fire, someone began playing a funeral dirge upon the church organ. The solemn strains soared high above the roar of the flames and the shouts of the firemen, stopping suddenly in the middle of a bar when the building collapsed. The identity of the musician was never learned.

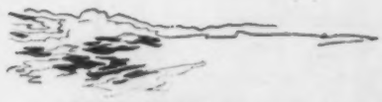
Hour after hour the fire roared and crackled, while the lower half of Manhattan Island was enveloped in a billowing cloak of dense black smoke, pierced by groping ribbons of flame that reached high into the heavens. The illumination was so great against the sky that it was visible a hundred miles away, and from the Long Island

and New Jersey shores the metropolis appeared to be one vast sheet of fire. Throughout the night the wind continued to blow with the violence of a gale, carrying burning embers across the East River and depositing them as far inland as Joralemon Street, Brooklyn. Many of the buildings in the burning area were new structures covered with iron or copper roofing, and the heat soon became so great that the metals melted and poured off the roofs in fiery rivulets, further endangering the firemen. One of the stores facing Hanover Square contained a large quantity of sheet lead, which melted and ran together in such huge masses that the owner, when the fire had subsided, was obliged to quarry it out. Despite the terrific heat, however, the cold a few yards away from the fire was so intense that scores of firemen hobbled about with frozen toes, fingers, and ears.

THE conflagration, by far the most devastating that has ever occurred in New York, threw the entire city into a ferment of excitement. Crowds that seriously hampered the work of the firemen surged back and forth through the downtown streets, while from the rookeries of the Five Points and other slum districts came hordes of rowdies, hoodlums, and criminals, attended by their wives, sweethearts, and children. They immediately plunged into a saturnalia of looting, which continued almost without interruption for twenty-four hours, when the devastated area was placed under martial law and patrolled by marines from the Navy Yard and by the Third and Ninth militia regiments. Cases and kegs of wines and liquors were smashed and their contents greedily drunk; after the fire it was estimated that ten thousand bottles of champagne alone had been consumed by the mobs which swarmed about the streets, stealing and fighting. Men and women swaggered about with their rags hidden beneath

DOWN TO THE SEA IN COMFORT





PLEASURE-BOUND to the sea means Atlantic City, and THE BLUE COMET means comfort on the way.

It's simply impossible to be uncomfortable when every muscle is relaxed in a deep-cushioned arm chair and you know that, should you so desire, you may wander into the observation or smoking car.

Then, when you are hungry, there is a deliciously cooked meal awaiting you in a sunny diner.

Deep-cushioned chairs assigned in advance—dining cars in the modern manner—ladies' lounge—smoking car—observation car—unsurpassed food and the courteous attention that is typical of New Jersey Central service. 98.1% on time. THE BLUE COMET is the Seashore's finest train. NO EXTRA CHARGES. $8.40 Round Trip.

When you go to Atlantic City, take a train worthy of your destination—THE BLUE COMET. Leave Liberty Street 10 A. M., 2:30 P. M. Leave West 23rd Street 15 minutes earlier. Standard Time. Add one hour for Daylight Time.

SPECIAL SUNDAY SERVICE

Sundays: Lv. Atlantic City, 6:40 P. M.
Ar. New York, Liberty St., 9:35 P. M.

G. D. GINDER . . . *General Eastern Passenger Agent*
110 W. 42nd St., . . . Telephone Wisconsin 5831.

THE BLUE COMET
TO ATLANTIC CITY

New Jersey Central

THE LINE OF THE BULLET—NEW YORK AND WILKES-BARRE
COURTEOUS SERVICE . . . GOOD FOOD . . . DEPENDABLE TRANSPORTATION

DOUBLES

DOUBLE ease. Double comfort. Double value. You get them all in a *double-action* shave with Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Where an ordinary shave stops — a *double-action* shave keeps right on going. Squibb's does more than make your razor glide smoothly over your face. It also replaces the delicate oils essential to the skin.

What a difference this second action makes in shaving comfort. The freshness and sparkle of a *double-action* shave last. You have a velvet feel *while* you shave and *after* you shave.

Ask your druggist for a tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream and lather up for a *double-action* shave tomorrow.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

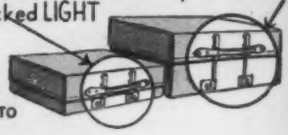
rich cloaks, frock coats, and plug hats, and silks and satins of the finest quality; scores returned to their dens at the Five Points laden with great bundles of clothing and valuable property of every description. Half a dozen men, apparently frenzied by the unparalleled opportunity for thieving, were caught by the police trying to set fire to houses beyond the burning district. One man who was discovered applying the torch to a building at Stone and Broad Streets was promptly hanged to a tree by a group of irate citizens. His body, frozen stiff, dangled for three days before the police found time to cut it down.

By four o'clock on Thursday morning, December 17, it was apparent that only the most heroic measures could save the entire city from destruction. Mayor Cornelius W. Lawrence, after consultation with other city officials, decided to blow up buildings at various points and create gaps which it was hoped the flames could not cross. However, once this decision had been made, a new difficulty arose. The sale of powder was forbidden in New York, and enough for the purpose could not be found in the city, while only a few pounds were stored at the army post on Governor's Island. At length a barge was dispatched from the Navy Yard to the naval magazine at Red Hook, now a part of Brooklyn, for a supply of the explosive. It arrived at dawn, in the custody of eighty marines and a dozen sailors. The demolition of the buildings was begun immediately, but it was not until noon that the necessary break was made at Coenties Slip by the destruction of a building occupied by a firm of wholesale grocers. The southward progress of the conflagration was then checked, and what remained of New York had been saved.

ON the day following the fire, business was wholly suspended, and for a while it seemed that the metropolis had been dealt a blow from which it would never recover. Thousands gathered in silent crowds about the great heaps of ruins which blocked the downtown streets, and merchants and their clerks stood weeping beside the pitiful remnants of their stocks of

ANNUAL AUGUST SALE

The SAME Revelation packed FULL
Packed LIGHT



ADJUSTS TO **14** DIFFERENT DEPTHS

REVELATION *Luggage*

For a week end or for weeks and months—the same Revelation suit case meets all requirements because only a Revelation expands to 14 different sizes.

20% REDUCTION

Our Annual August Sale is now in progress. All trunks, luggage and fine leather goods at 20% off.

DALE

MODERN LUGGAGE
WITH THE KEYLESS LOCK
SESAMEE

369 Madison Ave., (nr. 46th St.)
NEW YORK

NEW

Columbia **IMPORTED**
Columbia Records

FRANCK — ***Price $9.00 complete***
G. S. A. 12a
Trio in F Sharp Minor
In eight parts, played by The Court of Belgium Trio

STRAVINSKY ***Price $1.75***
R-20109 12"
Fireworks
Polka and Galop, Suite No. 2
Colone Orchestra of Paris. Cond. Gabriel Pierne

VIEUXTEMPS ***Price $7.00 complete***
G. S. A. 3a
Concerto No. 5 in A Minor
For Violin and Orchestra.
M. Alfred Dubois, violin
Royal Brussels Conservatory Orchestra. Cond. M. Desire Defauw. Eight parts, 12".

Call or write for our 214 page Encyclopedia of the world's best recorded music. Price twenty-five cents postpaid.

All discs reviewed in the New Yorker may be heard and obtained at

The Gramophone Shop

Specialists in Imported and Domestic Phonograph Records

18 East 48th STREET | NEW YORK

Wickersham 1876

Hotel Pierre

FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET
NEW YORK

SUITE RESERVATIONS
Now Being Made

OPEN
OCTOBER FIRST

2
Choice Midtown
APARTMENTS
Easily accessible:
Maintained in the modern manner—under the personal supervision of the Owner

9 E. 96th St.
OFF FIFTH AVENUE
Overlooking Central Park
4 & 6 Rooms
with 2 & 3 Baths
Beautiful 15-story Building.
Permanent light protection.

435 E. 57th St.
Sutton Place
3—4—5 Rooms
15 stories of sunshine and comfort. Permanent light protection.

VERY ATTRACTIVE RENTALS
Apply supt. on premises—or
M. M. DRYFOOS
424 Madison Av. Wickersham 9170

goods. Scarcely a building remained standing in South, Front, Pearl, Stone, Beaver, Water, Merchant, Hanover, and other important streets, while, with the exception of five houses, the south side of Wall Street had been destroyed from William to South Street. According to the computation of the *Courier & Enquirer*, one of the two morning papers which escaped the destruction, six hundred and seventy-four buildings were burned. Other accounts give different figures, ranging upward from five hundred and twenty-eight. The loss was estimated at from twenty million dollars to twenty-five million dollars, which, in comparison with the wealth and population of the city, would be equivalent to a modern loss of almost half a billion dollars. The amount of insurance in effect was about ten million dollars, little of which was ever paid, for the disaster was so overwhelming that most of the insurance companies and banks were compelled to suspend operations. Arthur Tappan, a prominent Abolitionist and a silk merchant, who with his brother Lewis founded the *Journal of Commerce*, is said to have fared better than any other businessman whose establishment was in the burned area. His store was a stone building at 122 Pearl Street. Soon after the Abolition Riots of 1834, when his place was attacked by mobs, he had equipped his windows with shutters of thick boiler iron, which resisted the flames long enough for one hundred thousand dollars' worth of merchandise to be carried into the street. Most of Tappan's goods were saved by Negroes whom he had befriended. New York insurance offices would not write policies on Tappan's property because he was an Abolitionist, but from Boston companies he had obtained insurance amounting to about three hundred thousand dollars, all of which was paid.

Many rumors that the great fire was of incendiary origin were afloat, but none was ever verified. The authorities finally decided that it had been caused by the explosion of a gas pipe in the house at 25 Merchant Street.

—HERBERT ASBURY

•

FELLOWSHIP

Humming-birds give little squeaks
Every now and then;
So do rats,
And so do bats,
And so do cornered men.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

20% REDUCTION
on all
SPORT and GOLF SHOES

Leather Soles
Rubber Soles
"TWIN-GRIPS"

This is a most unusual opportunity to replenish your wardrobe with "America's Finest" sport and golf shoes—at savings you may never enjoy again.

All of our sport and golf models are included—even our famous "Twin-Grip" golf shoes which are worn and endorsed by many of our country's leading "pros".

All Our Own Make

Some models
priced as low as
$7.95

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER
America's Finest Shoes for Men

NEW YORK SHOPS
350 Madison Ave.
365 Broadway
253 W. 57th St.
153 Broadway
131 West 42nd St.
1263 Broadway

BROOKLYN 367 Fulton St.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

FOR luxurious fabrics, luxuriously handled, and particularly for a type of subdued daytime elegance that is almost impossible to find (Paris, which loves afternoon clothes, usually is too elaborate, and most American designers go flashy when they attempt before-dinner grandeur), Edwin L. Mayer is a past master among our designers and manufacturers. His products appear, sometimes advertised under his own name in cities outside of New York, more often anonymously, in the most hoity-toity specialty shops. I will now discuss some of the things that he has thought up out of his own head to make your afternoons and evenings more glamorous next winter.

In the evening, the bosom is more and more prominently displayed, with lines verging toward the Directoire. Careful fitting under the arms and through the abdomen, and a waistline subtly raised throughout achieve this effect. Further to play up this tendency, clip-pins or horizontal gatherings occur between the breasts. (One dress of yellow tulle has bows tied across here, giving a brassière look, in a pleasant way.) He loves shoulder-strap décolletages, sometimes straight, sometimes done in V-style with straps over the top of the shoulders only. The dresses are likely to hug the hips closely and swirl outward in circular movements from just above the knees downward, and the hemlines almost invariably clear the floor and are even.

THE fabrics, however, are what make the dresses absolute dollinks. For young girls who crave velvet, he likes a rather heavy type that will billow out into a sort of starched flare, once it is released. He does one dress in black velvet, with a V-décolletage, a fringed, perky bow below this in back, and a skirt that billows out from the knees down. In bois de rose velvet, he does a suggestion of a peplum dress, with knots across the deep décolletage in back. For older women, on whom he casts a sympathetic eye (modifying his waistlines and giving straighter lines), he still favors the softer, more clingy type of velvet for daytime and evening.

There are lots and lots of metallic fabrics here. Spongy silk and metal mixtures, with subdued lustre, make long-sleeved, charmingly draped afternoon dresses to wear under mink coats or under the black broadcloth coats that are being revived this season. For both evening and afternoon, he is using a great deal of black crêpe de Chine or ciré chiffon, with gold flecks, dots, or bigger and evenly spaced designs upon them. The effect is rich but subdued. With this type of fabric, he makes a group of dresses midway between daytime and evening length, with short-sleeved boleros, in a length so short that they barely cover the décolletage in back. The result is a costume that is actually perfect for tea, dinner, theatre, and even for dancing afterward. He adores these little boleros, anyway. He puts them on evening clothes to settle that are-they-going-to-dress-or-aren't-they problem, and very successfully, too.

The net he uses for evening is not the very heavy mesh so gaily sponsored by Broadway during the past season, nor yet the flimsy tulle, but a fabric somewhere between that has body and yet fills its tulle functions. His pet satin is Satin Adorable, a mixture of silk and rayon with a heavy, metallic lustre for evening. He breaks loose, too, with printed chiffons adorned with velvet and sometimes metal as well, but these must be seen to be appreciated.

There are two evening coats here that I couldn't get over. I toss and turn nights about them. One is of a monotone metallic cloth, with gold and silver and rose and beige tones making a subdued pattern, the length just below the knees, and slightly fitted. Another, of wool, silk, and metal mixture with a blue and silver effect, goes to the ankles in back, is fitted and wrapped closely, and ascends in a curving line up to above the knees in the front. Both of these have dark fur collars, and both are velvet-lined.

ALTHOUGH most of them are not aware that it is the secret of their success, those very chic, simply attired young society matrons are quite likely to be flaunting a Pattullo complex. This house is most copied, and its work is most difficult to describe, because the indefinable, slick fitting through the waist and hips, in a sort of tailored manner, is usually credited to the naturally good figure of the wearer. There will be more about this house, because I have not yet seen their evening clothes, and I know from past expe-

"Nonsense! Of course you can look smart—it's simply a question of willpower."

☆

The Motor Entrance

OF BERGDORF GOODMAN...ON THE PLAZA

Here, chic meets chic! The American *woman* who makes a high art of dress, comes here... both for a perfect selection of the moment's mode, as designed in Bergdorf Goodman's own workrooms, or chosen by their Paris representatives . . . and also for the cooperation of a famous group of artist dressmakers in giving perfect expression to *her* individuality through her clothes.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

"With the new clothes, the new complexion." . . . Sweetheart chiffon gown by Bergdorf & Goodman, slippers by I. Miller, Inc., complexion by Armand, compliments by everybody!

Armand Cold Cream Powder in "Symphonie" shade (or standard tints) $1 the box.

Complexions must complete the fashion—

"Symphonie"

HAVE you studied this important new harmony between clothes and complexions? The new skin-tone, like the new styles, must be natural, lovely feminine! Armand has created a subtle new powder-shade called "Symphonie." It is blended to the underlying flesh-tones which are essentially the same in both blondes and brunettes. You, too, possess this soft, translucent skin-tint and only need this powder to discover and enrich the tone. Just try one application . . . see the flattering effect.

Ask for "SYMPHONIE" shade in

ARMAND

COLD CREAM POWDER

© 1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

rience that they will drive me cuh-razee.

In the meantime, daytime lengths are the same as last year, the molding through the body as expert, the general effect as dashing and as simple for dresses of crêpe, of satin, and of wool. For details—there are a number of straight scarves, looped over once at the base of the throat and filling in the V of dresses, suits, and coats. These may be of any fabric, with white or black galliac still getting its due. These people like the suggestion of a cape sleeve, applied externally on long-sleeved dresses; they like decoration at the neckline that proceeds downward diagonally to one side and ends on the chest. With suits, they are showing exquisite blouses of cream wool lace, transparent and frivolous, either with tweed skirts and coats, or—most gloriously—with a black broadcloth suit with Persian lamb proceeding around the neck and descending to outline the jacket just below the hips. They still love short jackets of informal furs, either wrapped and belted, or fitted and buttoned. These often accompany dresses with dark wool skirts and attached tops in light color.

And, since so casual a survey cannot possibly do justice to the fashions around here, you will kindly sit with bated breaths until next week, when I will really get going on the subject. Mind you, neither of these houses sells retail. These notes are just to keep you posted on the trend of the times. —L.L.

•

COMPLETE INDIFFERENCE

Your soul isn't troubled about me,
I don't even think about you;
You're perfectly happy without me,
I don't care a hang what you do.

You don't have to make conversation,
I don't have to make an effect;
We're free from the dull obligation
Of seeming politely correct.

While others must mention the weather
And strain to be pleasantly bright,
Should accident throw us together
We're not to be bothered a mite.

For, having no feelings to smother
Or any ulterior ends,
We're wholly at ease with each other.
Let's hope we shall never be friends!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Six months in 1930

THE American Weekly carried more advertising during the first six months of 1930 than it has ever carried during any other six months of its history.

This record, coming at a time when advertising expenditures have been scrutinized more carefully than ever, speaks plainly for itself.

There is simply no ignoring the fact that The American Weekly offers the utmost in value on the publishing counter today.

The national advertiser who wants his advertising dollar to buy the maximum of advertising attention cannot possibly omit the greatest of all magazines from his list.

While one color page in The American Weekly costs $16,000, an astounding sum to the uninitiated, actually you can wear out a dozen lead pencils without figuring out as good a way to spend that sum.

Where else with that amount can you buy entry into nearly 6,000,000 homes located in the richest buying areas of the United States?

In what other magazine or group of magazines will it buy the attention of almost 6,000,000 families and without duplication?

A color page in The American Weekly is two and one-half times as big as a color page in any other magazine. That means plenty of room to tell your whole story in word and picture.

The American Weekly has the largest circulation on earth because, editorially, it is the most interesting magazine on earth.

For the advertiser who knows the importance of hitting hard at a time when every dollar counts, this great magazine offers an economic opportunity unequaled in the publishing field.

In 536 of America's 812 towns and cities of 10,000 population and over it concentrates and dominates.

In each of 185 cities, The American Weekly reaches one out of every two families.
In 132 more cities, it reaches 40 to 50%.
In an additional 102 cities, it reaches 30 to 40%.
In another 117 cities, it reaches 20 to 30%.

—and, in addition, nearly 2,000,000 families in thousands of other communities, large and small, regularly buy The American Weekly.

These families represent one-fourth of all the buying homes in the country. And you can reach them all, nearly 6,000,000 of them, for less than ½ cent per family.

Do you wonder that 1930 is another record year for this great magazine?

Where else can you spend your advertising dollar more effectively?

Cock-A-Doodle-Doo

July (the seventh month of 1930) is the largest July in volume of advertising revenue in the history of The American Weekly, exceeding July, 1929, by 27½%.

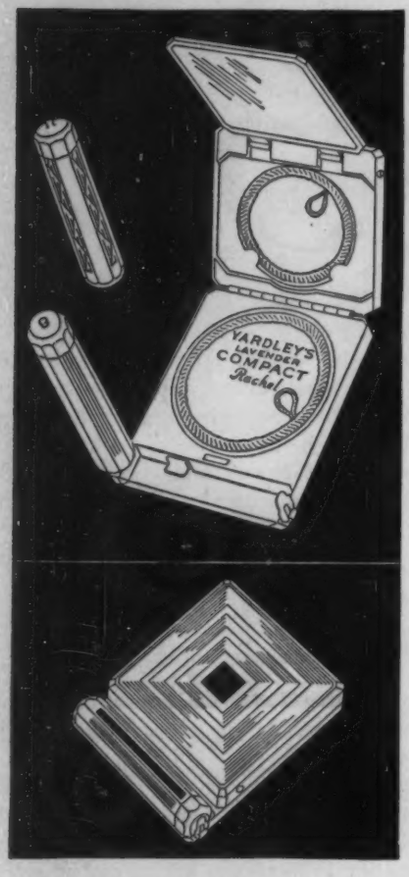
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Main Office: 9 East 40th Street, New York City

Branch Offices: Wrigley Bldg., Chicago . . . 5 Winthrop Square, Boston . . . 753 Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles . . . 222 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco . . . 12-231 General Motors Bldg., Detroit . . . 1138 Hanna Bldg., Cleveland . . . 101 Marietta St., Atlanta

HOW LONG CAN YOU KEEP A

Lipstick?



Down to the very end? Or just long enough to get used to it, before it goes the way of so many lipsticks?

To all the lipstick-losers, everywhere, Yardley of London is bringing this smart new compact . . . this triple compact of powder, rouge and *two* full-sized, interchangeable lipsticks . . . this ingenious compact which allows you to slip out the daytime stick, insert the evening shade, and go your way serenely.

You won't lose this lipstick. You can't. It's anchored fast to the compact case . . . a case jade-green and silver, with slender line-engraving . . . as appealing a cosmetic trifle as you will ever find for three dollars and a half.

The triple compact includes both lipsticks, but you can buy them separately for 75 cents each or boxed together for $1.50 . . . at your favorite shop.

Yardley's

ENGLISH LAVENDER

LONDON LETTER

London, July 23

THE schoolboys have come and gone. For a breathless week infants in silk hats were everywhere, wolfing the messiest *marron* cakes in Rumpelmayer's, adding their shrill pipe to the subdued murmur of clubs and restaurants, or stalking the lawns at Lord's and trying to pretend their sisters didn't belong to them. Now everybody has packed off for the countryside and London has settled down to a little peace.

The Eton and Harrow match at Lord's was a very dignified affair, but this year it was only a speck in the ocean of English cricket. The country is in a perfect frenzy over the Australian team, for cricket in these days has gone mad. Bradman, the young Australian, with his two hundred runs here and his three hundred runs there, is reducing the game to that absurdity of perfection which has made Wimbledon the personal shrine of Bill Tilden and Helen Wills Moody, and British golf a sacrifice on the altar of Bobby Jones. We feel that really it is too bad of Bradman. These people don't realize that when a game gets played as well as all that it ceases to be a game.

This year Etonians approached the ground with the shocked suspicion that even Harrow was being untrue to the older gods. For Harrow has been getting into the papers. There was that regrettable business of the petition to abandon the peculiar Harrow straw hat. A generation since, a Harrovian would have bled rather than doff that shallowness of crown or that amazing wealth of brim. Worse still, there have been reports of a mutiny in the Harrow "Corps," led by reformers who spoke of it as "torture" and wanted the parades reduced from two a week to one. This read horribly like bad form, so that Etonians were reassured to notice that Harrow's cricket is still just about as bad as Eton's. Thank God the Eton and Harrow match stands as before: a stately procession of people bowled for gentlemanly twelves, with long intervals for statuesque repose, half an hour off for tea with any amount of strawberries and cream, and a total score of a hundred and eighty. This is cricket as we understand the word.

NOW that the schoolboys and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts have flitted as suddenly as they came, London is being handed over to the foreigners. Already there is the glint of red guidebooks under the arms of passersby, and the voice of the personal-conductor's megaphone is heard in the land. As it is, the tourist sees more of London than many a Londoner, but if I had my way with a rubberneck of my own, I should like to show him the incongruous touches. There are the iron extinguishers in front of the houses in St. James's Square, with which the linkmen extinguished their torches in the days of the Sedan chair. There is a small brass triangle in the middle of the road at Marble Arch which marks the position of "Tyburn Tree," where the martyrs of alternate denominations were publicly hanged. There is a Roman bath behind a newspaper shop in Aldwych, before the modern magnificence of Bush House. There is a large pipe in the roof of Sloane Square Underground Station, carrying what was once a river flowing down from Hyde Park into the Thames. There is a monolith at the end of the Serpentine, though nobody knows it, which was put there by the same people who made Stonehenge. There is a great chunk of igneous rock in the Brompton Road which fell there out of the sky one day last century and stands where it fell, surrounded by the iron railings of a respectful and a grateful nation. Only yesterday, too, I bumped into a Boy Scout and saw that he was monocled.

THE London critics have not been too kind about Molnar's "The Swan" which Gilbert Miller has brought to the St. James's Theatre, supported by a galaxy of talent. If the play sinks it will be, like so many interesting pieces, because an insufficiently definite line is drawn between farce and tragedy. One suspects Herbert Marshall as the Prince, and Irene Vanbrugh as his mother, and Henrietta Watson as Princess Beatrice, of ragging their parts. This is probably the best way of presenting a story of petty German Court intrigue to an audience in this country, and as such, it is vastly amusing. Herbert Marshall as the princeling is as polished as he was once before in Noel Coward's "The Queen Was in the Parlour," but the tragic love story of Edna Best and the young tutor, in the person of Colin Clive,

strikes an oddly jarring note, which is a great pity because Colin Clive is one of our young actors who should be encouraged. Of course a British audience can scarcely be expected to know that Princess Beatrice is, in reality, that Clementine of Saxe-Coburg who maneuvered Ferdinand onto the Bulgarian throne, or that there really was a Louise, Queen of Saxony, who eloped with her children's teacher, M. Giron, repented, and came a second cropper with Toselli, the composer of the "Serenata." In the mists of ignorance much of the wit is lost and the play, from being a malevolent satire on common gossip played with the utmost seriousness, becomes the usual Ruritanian fairy tale without the "Blue Danube" to carry it through.

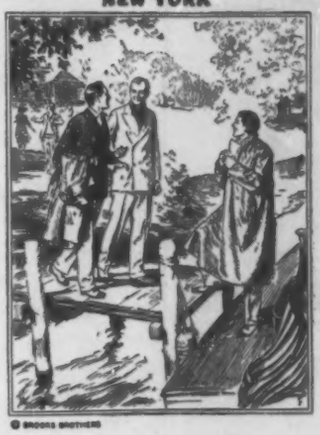
Sir Nigel Playfair deserves the thanks of all despondent playgoers. In the midst of abomination and desolation, with not one single, solitary theatre open in the whole length of Shaftesbury Avenue, it is nice to turn one's steps to Hammersmith and know that there at least, in "The Importance of Being Earnest," a gentle elegance is flourishing. Sir Nigel's productions are always the same whether they are "The Beggar's Opera" or "The Way of the World," or whatever they are. You may be sure of amusing overemphasis, a delicacy of burlesque, and the costume of the period. So he has dressed Oscar Wilde, "with some reference to Aubrey Beardsley," in the clothes of 1890. Algie makes his appearance on a bicycle, for "it was the special custom for young gentlemen to put their luggage on a Fly and follow behind it on a bicycle, and I feel sure that this is what Algie would have done." It is delicious, you understand, and not altogether fair to Wilde, who had an irony himself not altogether dependent on his being one of those idiotic Victorians. No doubt, Sir Nigel, who is the James Barrie of producers, by presenting "The Four Just Men" in the period of 1910, could make even Edgar Wallace appear charming and ridiculous. —A. G.

•

The Kip Hat Shop, on Main Street, East Hampton, is a shop of distinctiveness where one will always find the hat to match their many types and shades of gowns. Being made to fit the head is another feature of this shop that will assure their clients of perfect satisfaction.—*The Hampton's Pictorial.*

Maybe, but the idea gives us a headache.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



Outfits for Summer Sport
Send for "A Wardrobe for
LAWN TENNIS & YACHTING"
BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

THE Surrey HOTEL
20 EAST 76th STREET
Unusual Hotel Suites Available for Immediate or October Occupancy. Quiet, Residential Neighborhood. Some have Southern Exposures. Full, Efficient Hotel Service. Terraces Available. *Several Suites in Lower Price Range.*

Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

HIGH ABOVE NEW YORK
friendly stars watch the supper dance
Friendly stars! Close enough to touch—almost. Watching and smiling and understanding what a whale of a time you're having since you found perfection in the girl, the orchestra and the open-air floor atop the Astor Roof.

FRED A MUSCHENHEIM

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

Another primal instinct...

You often feel it . . . this desire to travel . . . to seize the world as your birthright to make life real!

The Franconia affords you the opportunity . . . it is the good genie of itching feet . . . a genie catering superbly to your every mood . . . royally luxurious . . . flawless in service.

Each day will bring forth new marvels . . . new delights . . . you will visit places never touched by any cruising steamer . . . Madras, drenched in Eastern glamour . . . Belawan Deli . . . Kudat in fabled Borneo. Bali, of weird temples and fantastic gods . . . without change of ship or extra cost. Samarang, where the Gang Warong offers such irresistible bargains . . . Saigon and Bangkok are other features.

The Franconia sails again on January 10 for a World Cruise . . . 138 glorious days of adventuring, backed by the 179 years' combined successful experience of two world-famous leaders of travel.

THE FRANCONIA SAILS EASTWARD FROM NEW YORK JAN. 10, RETURNS MAY 28

Also Westward Around the World in the Samaria Sailing from New York Dec. 3

Literature and full information from your local agent or

CUNARD LINE
THOS. COOK & SON

THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Springs Eternal—Twelve Prospects Among the Two-Year-Olds

SO this is Saratoga! Come, boys and girls, let's all take our paper cups and make a round of the mineral springs and drink the waters so full of health-giving properties, and after that we'll go to the State Forestry Park to see all the baby fir trees—they're just three years old—then, if you're real good, I'll take you past Chauncey Olcott's house and show you his cigar-store wooden Indians—maybe you'll see Chauncey himself! What's that? You don't want to drink water from springs? You want to go to the race track where Harry Stevens sells it at seventy-five cents a pint, and you want to write your autograph for Coley Madden, and Tom Shaw, and Morty Lynch, and then go out to The Brook for dinner? Oh dear me, oh dear me!

It seems time stands still just a little in Saratoga. Everything is as it always was: the faces in the crowd that parades from the States to the Grand Union and back again, stopping for a glass of hot Vichy; the overstuffed ladies in pink (it's chiffon this year) and diamonds; the yellow depot wagons; the reek of gasoline and L'Heure Bleue rising to the elms that arched over Broadway in the days when they raced at Horse Haven at eleven o'clock in the morning. The cottages of the racing set have been filling for nearly a fortnight—a cottage at Saratoga may be anything from a bungalow to a twenty-room mid-Victorian mansion with cast-iron stags on the lawn, a horse block, and a hitching post painted in your racing colors.

THE horses are the main attraction, and for that reason a word about the two-year-olds is opportune. It has been my custom to name a dozen worth following with the three-times-and-out system—at the moment I do not see anything beating Harry Whitney's Equipoise—so here are some who never have faced the barrier: Victor Emanuel's Suns Way, by Sun Briar; Reighwiki, you would know he was by Sunreigh-Belle of Wikiup, and owned by W. S. Kilmer; David, by Man o' War-Christmas Star, a full brother to Mars; Black and Blue, by Black Servant (though I notice that Mrs. Amory has named neither him nor War, her $45,000 yearling, for the Saratoga Special); and, of course, Magnifico, who certain folk close to the Whitney stable assure me is pounds better than anything else in the barn. I am afraid breeding influences my judgment quite a lot, and on that score I am not particularly impressed by Magnifico, who is by Bunting-Miniato. I do not recall that any of Miniato's foals distinguished themselves to any marked degree, although Bargello was well fancied by his stable until he went amiss last season.

AS for those who have run, I rather fancy Ormsby, who they say will be another Gallant Fox (but I doubt it); Great Gun, by American Flag, and the best-looking colt I've seen; Jamestown, who has been backed by his trainer, Jack Joyner, to win the Futurity; Ilium, who caused the break between the Ziegler stable and Mack Garner; Morton Schwartz' Black Forest; and Marshall Field's Double Time, who is the only filly in the lot.

THE closing days of Empire City were rather dismal. However, Questionnaire galloped off with the Empire City Derby, running his string to five races at the meeting, one a walkover.

C. KNAPP, who is the best-dressed mayor Saratoga ever had, writes, while cooling out the silk suit—you know, the cream-colored one—and the blue polka-dot tie:

Asked Gallant Fox of Foxhall Keene:
"Am I the best you've ever seen?"
Said Foxhall Keene to Gallant Fox:
"Old Man o' War could beat you—blocks."

Yes, we've brought our galoshes, mackintosh and umbrella.

—AUDAX MINOR

ONE SURE WAY
TO BE SURE OF
YOUR CLUBS
use....
BTN
BUTCHART
-NICHOLLS
GOLF
CLUBS
FULL LINE OF
WOODS AND IRONS
ASK YOUR PRO - HE SELLS THEM
BUTCHART-NICHOLLS CO. SPRINGDALE, CONN.

THE DAYS WHEN THE ASPHALT BUBBLES AND THERMOMETERS ARE FEVERISH . . . IT'S
ICED
MARTINSON'S
COFFEE TIME
+ + +
TRY "THE AROMA TEST"
1. Open a can or package of any coffee—Inhale the aroma.
2. Open a can of Martinson's Coffee—Inhale *that* aroma!
That's the way to tell coffee. Aroma is a definite indicator of coffee flavor. Smell Martinson's and you'll *know* how good it tastes.

45 minutes from New York City
Pickwick Arms
Hotel
GREENWICH, CONN.
A residential hotel in surroundings of quiet and exclusive refinement. Transient accommodations.
For Reservations—Greenwich 2100

LETTER HOME

I GLANCED down the line at the occupant of the third bed. He was lying on his back drawing pictures in the air with his finger.

"Whitford," I said, "have you written your letter home?"

"I broke my pencil point," he said. It was his third. And so far he had only got as far as "Dear Mother—"

"Why didn't you ask me to sharpen it for you?"

"I thought you were asleep." Apparently I was just encouraging wickedness, so I stopped the inquisition and sharpened the pencil.

"There's only fifteen minutes more of rest period," I said, "and then we leave for Flat Rock. And those who haven't finished their letters can't go."

"Why do we have to write letters?"

"Now, Whitford," I said, "think of your father and mother at home wondering how you are getting along—and wanting to hear all about how you are enjoying camp."

"They aren't at home," said Whitford. "They're at Saratoga. They're there all this week for the races."

"Well, wherever they are," I said, "they want to hear from you. And you have to show me the letter."

"Why do I have to show you the letter?"

"So you won't send a blank sheet of paper the way you did last week," I said. "Get going." I picked up a track shoe and waved it menacingly. Whitford fell to work. In a surprisingly short time, once he had started, he brought me the product.

DEAR MOTHER:

Mr. Gordy says I have to finish my leter in ten minits so I have to hury. Now hes thretning to hit me with a spiked shoe. I gues my time is up now. I am having a good time in camp.

Love,
WHITFORD

"That's all right as far as it goes," I said, "but it isn't enough. Don't you know how your mother watches the mail every Tuesday for news of the

THE
cross word
AT BREAKFAST

forgiven
AT DINNER

He didn't mean to let that early morning grouch get the better of him . . . even if the coffee *was* cold. And now he's making amends by bringing her a box of Maillard's Chocolats Miniature.

Will this fix things? Will it bring to dinner the entente cordiale? You *know* it will!

The Chocolats Miniature is one of the latest and most popular Maillard assortments. There's a delicious variety of diminutive chocolates in these one and two pound packages. $2.00 the pound.

Maillard's
CHOCOLATS
MINIATURE
At good stores everywhere

Instant cold CHICKEN

In its own jellied juice
Already Cooked—All Ready to Eat

ALL you do is open the package—the chicken is already cooked in its own jellied juices. You get a juicy, delightful delicacy of flavor you have rarely tasted. A wonderful summer time treat. Many food stores keep Hormel chicken chilled for instant use—or an hour or two in your own refrigerator is enough. Whole chicken or half of a whole chicken—just as you see it in the picure—not cut up. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

HORMEL* Flavor Sealed CHICKEN

"Don't shoot! I'll tell you where the jewels are!"
"Jewels, me eye! Where's the Flit? Lady, the mosquitoes here are awful!"

(Advertisement)

—TERRACES OPEN—
BEN RILEY'S
ARROWHEAD INN
Riverdale on Hudson at 246th St.
MEYER-DAVIS BAND
—Dancing—
Phone Kingsbridge 2000

SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

things her boy is doing in camp? Think how much she does for you. And now that's all you write her—in a whole week! Tell her about how you were cox of the winning crew in the row-boat races last night. And how you won your tennis match for the team."

"Aw, gee—" he started to protest, when the bugle blew for the end of rest period and he brightened.

"I'll write a whole lot next week," he said.

I surrendered and let him mail the letter.

THE camp were still streaming out of their cabins when a plume of spray down the lake resolved itself into a mahogany speedboat headed toward us. In a few minutes it drew up to the Junior Dock and there came a call for Whitford. I walked over with him and recognized one of the women in the after cockpit as his mother. She kissed him.

"Well, camp seems to be agreeing with you, Son," she said. "How do you like it?"

"It's great," he said. "Come on up and I'll show you my cabin—and the deep swim—and—"

"We'd like to, dear," she said, "but we must be getting along. We were at Colton Landing for luncheon, and we just dropped in to say hello to you on our way back."

"Can't you come and see my cabin? That would only take a minute."

"No, dear," she said, "I'm afraid there isn't time. We have a forty-mile drive after we reach the end of the lake. Goodbye, darling."

"But—"

The boat nosed away from the dock and swung out into the lake. A moment later it had disappeared around the point.

And the worst of it all is that next week, when I try to make Whitford write a letter home, he'll say "But I *saw* my mother this week." It won't do him any good, however. He'll have to write a nice, long letter just the same. *Some*body in this modern age has to take the family ties seriously.

—EDWARD L. GORDY

•

Q. How is carrot salad made?

A. Some women simply marinate cooked diced carrots in edges and fasten to padding with a few French knots.—*Utica Press.*

Other sensible women simply give up.

THE SUNDAY HIKE

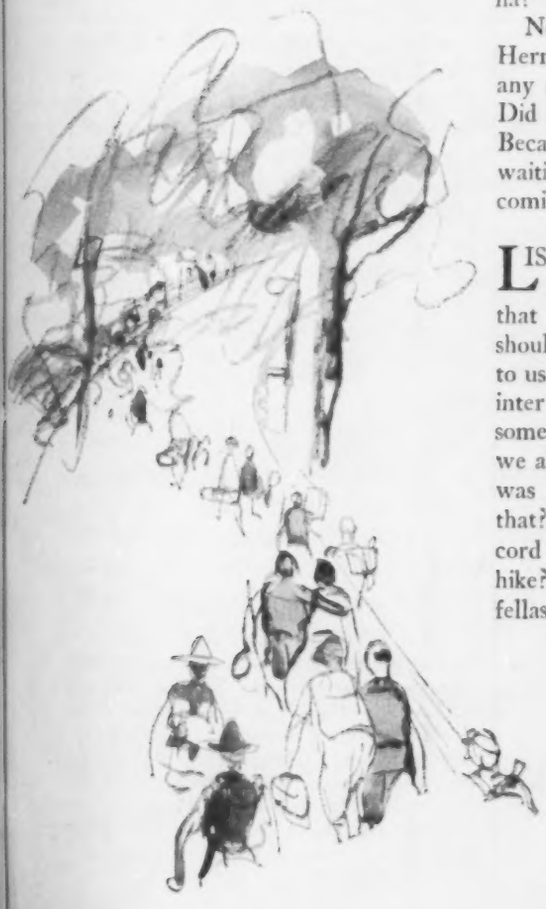
YA tell 'em to be here at eight o'clock sharp and it's happest eight already and oney halfa them shown up. Some bunch of club-members they are! A fine club spirit they showing not being here at eight o'clock sharp when the secatary sent out postal cards saying eight o'clock sharp! What'sa use of having Moe send out postal cards at all if the members ain't gonna pay no attention to them? Let's better save the money and keep it in the treasury. Happest eight and they ain't here yet! A rotten club spirit, that's what it is.

I hadda set the alarm for happest six this morning to get here alla way from downtown. If I go to all that trouble it seemsa me some of the members can go to the same trouble. . . . What's 'at? . . . Why did I have to get up so early for? On account my lunch. . . . Sure I had it packed las' night. The oney thing I din have no lettuce for the corn-beef san'wiches and I din have no tishya paper for the san'wiches so I hadda get up early because the delicatessen shop gets open early on account delivering the milk.

OH, hello, Bernie. . . . Yeah, you just in time. Just in time a half-hour late—that's what you just in time for. What'sa matter wichoo? Din you get a postal card from the secatary tellin' you eight o'clock sharp? . . . Aw right—s'pose you don't care about me, the president—you think it's fair to make the rest of the fellas hang around until the latecomers arrive? You think that's the right club spirit to show? . . . I know you ain't the oney one late—but when it says on the postal card eight o'clock sharp, it means sharp and not a half an hour late. After all we wanna get to the Palisades before the mob gets there. You get them terrible crowds on Sundays and they ain't no fun hiking with strange crowds all around you. We want to hike with our own crowd.

Well, Phil, it's about time, I must say. I get up at six o'clock this morning just to be on—say, where didja get them knickers? Some class to them knickers. How much? . . . Say, I must get myself a pair of them pants. Turn around, Phil, and lemme see how they look from the back. . . . Some class—ha, Niggy? . . . Oh, Niggy, didja bring along a baseball like you said you would? . . . That's good, because after a while when we get tired hiking around and when we sit down and eat up the san'wiches, we can get up and throw the ball around a bit, ha?

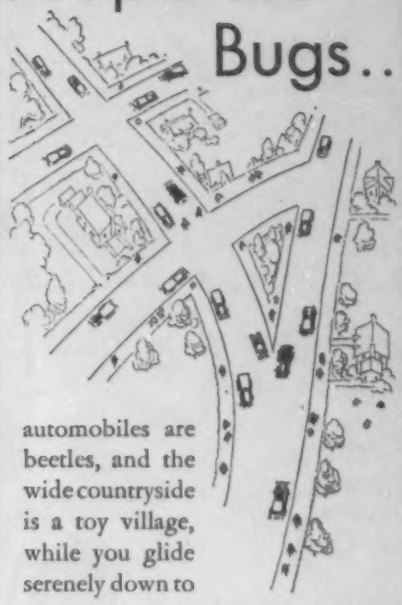
Now let's see who's missing. There's Hermie, Phinny, and Eli. Who's seen any of them last night? . . . Ya did? Did they say positively they'd be here? Because no use hanging around here waiting for them all day if they ain't coming.



LISTEN, fellas, while we waiting I wanna make an announcement that when we go on the hike we shouldn't take no branches offa the trees to use for hiking sticks. We almost got inter trouble the last hike on account some wise guys taking branches and we almost hadda pay a fine. I think it was in the minutes something about that? Oh, Moe, din you make a record of that in the minutes of the last hike? . . . I thought so. Now listen, fellas, we ain't got no dough in the treasury to pay for fines so please don't go around taking branches offa trees for hiking sticks. Now please, fellas, remember that.

While we waiting for them slackers to show up, waddeya say about some Oriole Pleasure Club spirit

People are Bugs..



automobiles are beetles, and the wide countryside is a toy village, while you glide serenely down to

ATLANTIC CITY IN 55 MINUTES!

Enjoy the beauty of this scenic air route. Tri-motored airliners, attentive stewards, two pilots, constant radio communication.

$14.45 with 30 lbs. of baggage

Service every Saturday to Baltimore and Washington.

Make reservations now.

Telephone: Caledonia 2360, *or* Caledonia 2276 *after hours.*

Ask your Hotel Porter, Travel Bureau, Theater Ticket Agency.

NEW YORK AIRWAYS
INCORPORATED
122 East 42nd Street

SATISFACTORY MOMENTS IN A DAY

That tantalizing whiff of coffee in the morning—

The comfort of a good smoke—

Caviar for luncheon—

And your very own New Yorker in the evening!

JUST in case you haven't already filed your subscription and check with us, so that you will have your New Yorker delivered to you every week without fuss and bother, we are printing this coupon for you to clip. It costs five dollars to have The New Yorker for one year, 52 issues reporting whatever is doing in New York that you really should know about. The gift department is for your convenience. We enclose a gift card.

N-8-2

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York

Please enter subscription for THE NEW YORKER *as indicated:*

☐ One year, $5.00 ☐ Two years, $8.00

To be sent to: Name.....

Address.....

.....

for which I enclose check $.....*as indicated above*.....

Donor's Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Postage: Canada, 50c Foreign, $1.00 additional a year.)

by singing the club song? Now altogether, fellas:

We are the boys of the O.P.C.
You hear so much about,
The people all stare at us
Whenever we go out.
While we go marching
And the band begins to play
(Rah! Sis! Boom!)
You can hear us shouting
The boys of the O.P.C. are on the way.
So let us cheer O.P.C. . . .

WAIT a minute, fellas—here they are. Well, it's about time you guys shown up, I must say. Watcher think we are anyway, a buncha dopes hanging around waiting for you? A fine lot of club spirit you fellas got showing up at this time, when you know the Palisades are fulla people and we gonna have a tough time not mixing up crowds.

It seemsa me you fellas woulda got up extry early. . . . Yeah, I mean you, Eli. You was the one who seconded the motion about the hike. The lease you coulda done was to be here first. And you, Phinny—look, you're here two minutes and already you arguing about trading san'wiches. . . . Don't do it, Charlie, doncher do it. Don't be a dope, Charlie Davis. . . . No. Let him give you a tamater besides a liverwusht for the roast-beef. He's sticking ya, Charlie. Don't take the liverwusht unless he throws in another san'wich. . . .

Ha? Okay, Moe. Now fellas, stick together and—oh, yeah. For the benefit of the latecomers I wanna say that you shouldn't go breaking branches to make hiking sticks because the treasury ain't gonna be responsible for no fines. . . . Shut up there, Paul Pakter—you always start hollering around. . . . What's 'at, Moe? . . . Okay. Oh, Niggy, you got the baseball? . . . Okay, Niggy. Aw right, fellas, we're off! Let's sing the O.P.C. song so the people know who we are. Ready? Let's go!

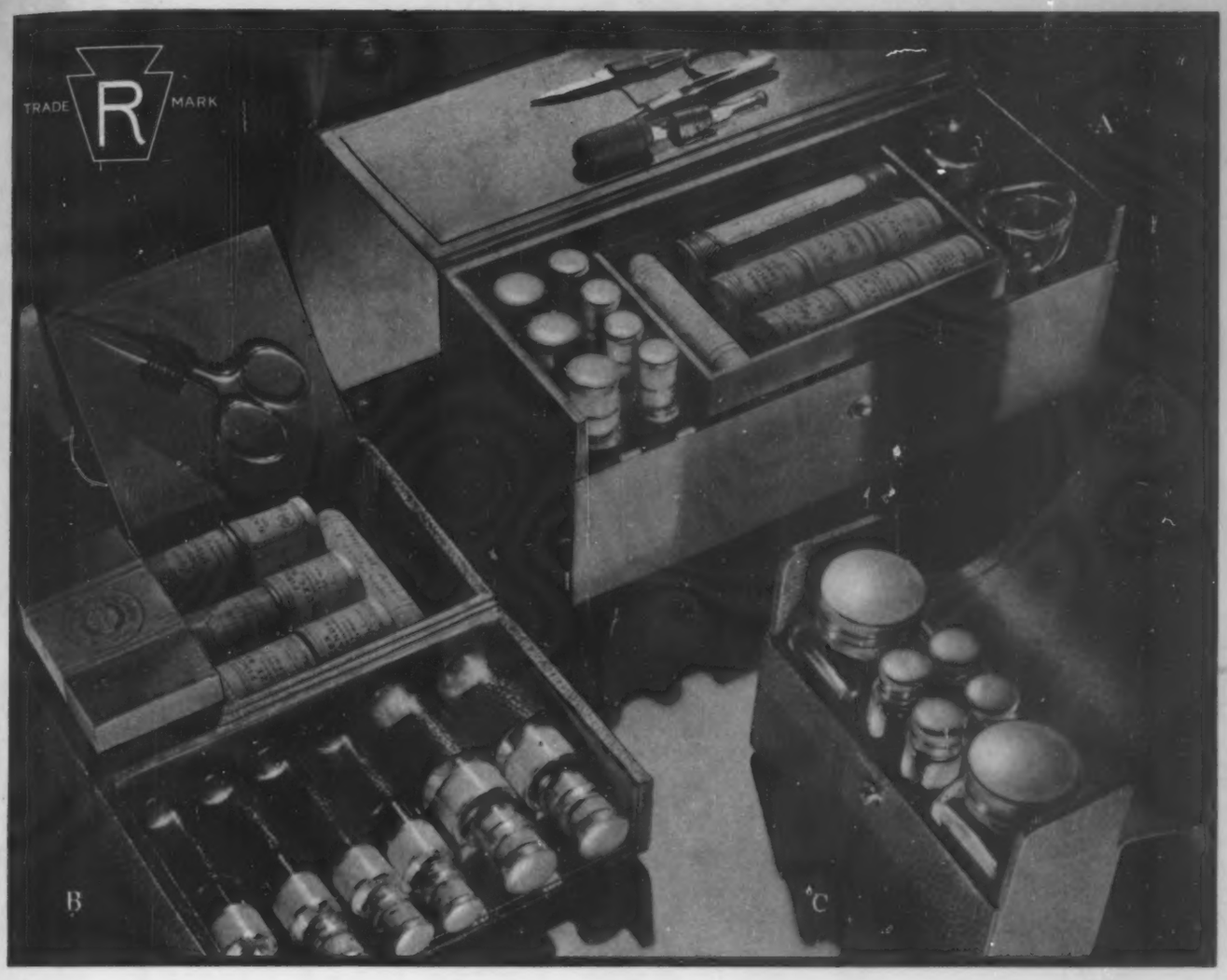
We are the boys of the O.P.C.
You hear so much about . . .

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

From a department store clerk to a radio announcer may be a long step, but Wallace Butterworth, of the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting Company, found it easy. . . . In Chicago the announcer is heard regularly on the Pickard Family, the Wonder Dog, the National Farm and Home Hour and the Chicago Serenade programs.—*From a bulletin issued by the National Broadcasting Company.*



A . . . a first-aid kit, in brown or black cowhide, which contains adhesive tape, absorbent cotton, bandages, mustard plasters, a measuring glass, an eye bath, an eye dropper, tweezers, and glass bottles of various sizes.

B . . . a first-aid kit, in black elk-grain leather, lined with scarlet leather. The case contains bandages, absorbent cotton, adhesive tape, iodine, scissors, and six stoppered glass vials of various volumes. The case may also be had in brown leather, in other sizes.

C . . . a medicine bottle case, in colored ecrase leather, containing two large and four smaller bottles with nickel tops. The case may be had in a variety of colors.

SOME TIME YOU MAY NEED TO BE DOCTOR

IT ISN'T simply a matter of being prepared . . . though troubles *are* apt to come when least we expect them. But common sense and consideration for other people would seem to imply, especially when one is traveling, that ordinary medical precautions should be taken.

In a moment of emergency . . . a ragged cut . . . a burn . . . perhaps a serious fall . . . there is comfort in knowing that antiseptics, clean bandages, and adhesive tape lie within easy reach. Even administered by unpracticed hands, they bring relief and peace of mind until a doctor can attend . . . and not infrequently, prevent a critical illness.

For people of taste and judgment as well as foresight, these requisites are assembled in cases of fine leather. And the selection of the best cases is simplicity itself . . . for upon each one is to be found a tiny golden keystone R. That imprint, placed upon all articles of leather manufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., is a symbol of high integrity. . . . This establishment, in eighty years, has not attempted to make any but the finest leather goods.

C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the better leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, and stationers.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

By Invitation Member

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1850

Tilden

THE TENNIS COURTS

Sportsmanship, Paris Style—All Work and No Play—France Again

PARIS, JULY 26

A SET for Borotra, 5–4 in his favor and 15-all in the second—one of those important points upon which matches hinge. Borotra, after a long baseline exchange, got a short return and, punching home a low backhand down the line, came to the net. Tilden replied with a perfect lob. Back went the Basque, back, and, leaping into the ball, smashed it cleanly and deeply to Tilden's forehand corner for an ace. But no, the American flung himself across the court and drove the ball to Borotra's forehand, low and fast, a sure winner. Yet somehow the Frenchman had regained the net; with a desperate lunge he reached over and stabbed home the winning volley to the unprotected left side of Tilden's court as twelve thousand spectators cheered.

Borotra

At last when the tumult died away the voice of Nicolas Redelsperger, the umpire, was heard over the loudspeaker. "*Calmez vos nerfs, s'il vous plaît, messieurs.*" For at each shot during that rally an audible gasp had arisen from the crowd, a badly suppressed murmur, the beginning of a roar only half-stifled, the outward expression of the emotion of the vast crowd wrought up by that battle of giants upon the court. If the nerves of the spectators were on edge, what must the nerves of the players have been at that exact moment? So by all means let us make allowances for them. One should realize that upon this point may have hung the game and therefore the set, that with two sets down Tilden was in a desperate position, that with this contest lost America's chances for the cup were gone. Upon this one point depended not merely the game, the set, the match, but the fate of the Davis Cup for this year, the fate of nations, not to mention a most lucrative contract for life.

Tilden played that match as if he had never been introduced to Borotra. He changed courts at a gallop, he stood impatiently upon the service line waiting for his opponent to wipe his face with a towel, he turned his back when the Basque tried to excuse himself for a net-cord shot, he claimed he was not ready for a first serve of Borotra's at a critical moment. These and other petulancies manifested themselves continually throughout the match, nor was the Basque blameless either. The Frenchman did his best to stall, to slow up play at every opportunity. The title of this little piece

Lott

might well be "Nerves and the Spin of the Ball."

FOLLOWING this contest, which was anything but an example of good feeling and fine sportsmanship on court, it was a pleasure to watch George Lott in action and see his unaffected delight at the magical wizardry of Cochet or the smashes and volleys of the Basque. Alas, George's sportsmanship was more to be commended than his game. He showed the same slackness, the same evidences of being over-tennised, that all the Americans, not even excepting Tilden, showed at Paris. This opinion is my own, shared by no one. Gene Dixon would laugh at the idea, yet, stubborn fellow that I am, I persist in believing that what the American team needed was a good rest and not ten or twelve sets a day against Karel Kozeluh. I believe that the results of the challenge round bear out this contention. If ever I saw an overtrained figure upon a tennis court it

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"So you're a saxophone player, eh? Well . . make me weep! Do your stuff," said the vaudeville booker. Rudy did! And fame caressed him. The whole public succumbed in two short years.

©P. Lorillard Co.

RUDY VALLÉE

Two years ago he stepped into the spot-light on a little cafe floor and crooned a song called "Deep Night." Today deep night on Broadway sees his name blazed in electric signs.

• • •

It wasn't the cut of his clothes . . . or the break of his luck. This youngster just naturally delivered something that the public wants!

Just so OLD GOLD cigarettes have grown from a baby brand to a giant brand in record time . . . because they delivered a new enjoyment . . . they thrilled the taste and comforted the most sensitive throat.

Better tobaccos...that's why they win.

On March 7, 1927, OLD GOLDS were introduced in Illinois. Today, the city of Chicago alone smokes nearly 3,000,000 daily.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

Splendid Isolation

Because of the location on the corner of two wide streets—the protection of light and air through generously spaced unbuilt surrounding areas, and adherence to the spirit and word of the building code—and its dominance in height over the adjacent permanent structures—895 Park Avenue enjoys a splendid isolation on the finest spot on Park Avenue.

Simplex, Duplex, Triplex. 7 to 15 Rooms. 12 Rooms Simplex, from $45,000. 14 Rooms Duplex, from $79,000. 15 Rooms Duplex, from $75,000.

895 Park
AVENUE
Southeast corner 79th Street
100% Co-operative Building
PEASE & ELLIMAN, INC.
Selling and managing agents
660 Madison Avenue Regent 6600

Architects: SLOAN & ROBERTSON ~ Builders: THOMAS O'REILLY & SON, Inc.

Hicks' Steamer Baskets for Ocean Travelers
Merry Trip Box for Week End Parties
HICKS' FAMOUS SODAS
H. HICKS & SON
INCORPORATED
675 FIFTH AVENUE AT 53RD STREET
NEW YORK

THE LARGEST and MOST FAMOUS DINING ESTABLISHMENT in the WORLD
FELTMANS
Coney Island

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.
Please enter my subscription for THE NEW YORKER—
☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00
(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

Name.....
Address.....

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

was Wilmer Allison against the French doubles pair. Grant as one must that Toto Brugnon played the game of his life, the kind of game, at least, that it has never in ten years been my good fortune to see him play, the fact remains that Allison and, to a less extent, Van Ryn were anything but the brilliant pair who swept the world of lawn tennis in 1929. Brugnon's play was really masterly, his service returns and his volleying were brilliant. He well deserved the "Bravo Toto, Bravo!" with which the packed stadium greeted him as he left the court. But oh! those missed service returns and oh! those mangled volleys of the two Americans. A little less work, a little less tennis after that exhausting fortnight in Wimbledon—and I believe things would have been different, Brugnon or no Brugnon. Well, another year is another year; we made a good fight and we lost—and that's all there is to it.

—JOHN R. TUNIS

•

HOW TO PLAY TELEGRAMS

ON Saturday morning I found it hanging to the doorknob of my apartment, a quiet slip of cardboard. "A Telegram For You," it began, in a slightly oratorical manner, and then subsided to a sheepish mutter, "has been returned to office indicated below where it may be had upon presentation of this notice or it will be sent or telephoned to you upon request. Has been placed under your door. Has been placed in your letter box," and finally lapsed into an awkward silence, as though conscious of having babbled a lot of damned nonsense. The words "guess where" did not actually appear.

No telegram was under my door, none was in my "letter box" (as the card elegantly described the "Eureka Wall and Metal Mail Container, Government Approved" and sadly tarnished), and when finally I requested that it be telephoned to me I was informed that already another messenger—some leaden Mercury in lumpy puttees—was on his way down for another try at delivering it. (It is considered a feather in the cap of the telegraph company if they can thwart you from getting a message by telephone and deliver it to you personally, because they have a lot of blanks they want to get rid of so they can get some new ones with a motto on.) But with that nicety of timing known only to messengers and deliverymen, he arrived while I was

out, and I returned to find another card, again offering me three guesses where the hell my telegram was.

Before the day was over two more cards appeared on my doorknob and two more Brooklyn voices gave me explanations that held together just long enough for me to hang up the receiver and then went all to pieces. And so I spent the entire evening trotting from the telephone to the "letter box" and then peering under the door, until the people across the court who watch me these summer nights must have thought I was playing a game of Hunt the Slipper over the telephone. And not playing it very well, either.

ON Sunday, after smoking a cigarette and counting up to five hundred, I telephoned again. But nothing happened. It was Sunday, and nobody felt much like playing.

On Monday I went back to work, so I don't know what went on during the day, but that evening as I was unlocking my door a messenger—presumably an expert message-deliverer who had been put on "that Johnston job" with a promise of promotion if he made good—stepped out of the shadows.

"Johnston?" he said (telegraph messengers are never under any circumstances able to pronounce any given first name).

"Yes," I replied.

"Telegram," said he, expecting me to register surprise. I opened it as he shambled away.

"SORRY (it said) TO HAVE MISSED YOU WEDNESDAY NIGHT WILL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK." —REED JOHNSTON

•

HANDSOME DOES~

He wears his darkness lightly, like a cloud
To mask the shifting sunlight of his eyes,
And on his lips, too insolent and proud,
A smile of disbelief and pity lies.

Too young, that sullen mouth, oh, far too young;
Too bright the eyes that meet yours like a blow;
Too many lyrics he has left unsung,
Seen too much shadow on the fallen snow.

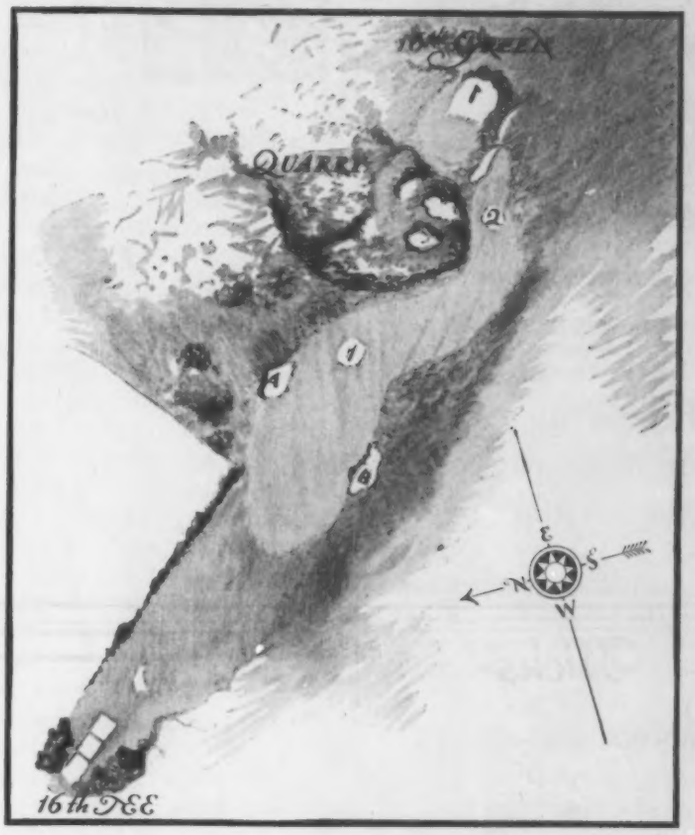
And when the quiet hand becomes a fist
To hold the flying moment in its clutch,
It will hide lips too timid to be kissed
And eyes that have in silence told too much.

—ELSPETH

The Silver King Series on Famous Golf Holes No. 6

The 16th at Merion

Fit test for the mighty who will compete in the U. S. Amateur



THE 16th or "Quarry Hole" will provide drama in the National Amateur to be held at Merion Cricket Club, September 22nd to 27th. Cleverly designed to reward skill and punish slips, the hole provides almost every thrill in the game of golf. The man who earns par figures should experience the joy of a long drive that cuts clean between the two traps "A" and "B"—accurately placed to catch hook or slice. Then there is the daring second—a sweet iron shot that clears the fearful quarry and comes snugly to rest on the banked green. And finally those fine finishing touches, two putts over a difficult, undulating green for a par 4. If the wind is against the drive a screaming brassie, one of the hardest shots in golf, is needed to reach the green for par figures, but the average golfer will play short to (2), leaving a pitch to the green for a careful 5.

The 16th at Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Length of hole 435 yards. Par 4.

SILVER KING

THE WORLD'S FINEST GOLF BALL

Now 85¢—$10 by the dozen

John Wanamaker New York, Sole United States Distributors for the Silvertown Co., London

"He said the taxi game isn't what it used to be."

"How peculiar. . . ."

"Said that so many folks have given up shopping tours for theatre tickets. They've discovered Bascom and snap 'em up at the first stop. . . ."

Bascom branches at 1511 Broadway, The Biltmore, Plaza, Savoy-Plaza, Vanderbilt, Belmont, Commodore, Astor and St. Regis

BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND THEATRE TICKETS

GEORGE WHITE'S **APOLLO** THEA., W. 42 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GEORGE WHITE'S

ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES

FLYING HIGH

With BERT LAHR — OSCAR SHAW

SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

EARL CARROLL

8th Edition **VANITIES** All New

66 Glittering Scenes—1000 Laughs

HERB WILLIAMS—JIMMY SAVO—JACK BENNY

30 other featured players and the Most Beautiful Girls in the World

PRICES: Evs. $1 to $6—Mats. $1 to $3.50 & Tax. 462 Good Seats at $1.00

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, W. 42 ST.

Evenings & Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LEXINGTON

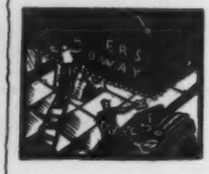
LOEW'S 51 ST.

Aug. 2, 3, 4 DOLORES DEL RIO in "The Bad One;" Aug. 5 & 6 HELEN KANE in "Dangerous Nan McGrew;" Aug. 7 & 8 "THE SEA BAT" with Charles Bickford.

51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

First Gentleman of the Underworld—Too Many Aquaplanes—Moralities



"RAFFLES," at the Rialto, is a crook play, and a good one. It is adapted from "The Amateur Cracksman," by E. W. Hornung, and involves Scotland Yard detectives, airplanes, secret passages, diamond necklaces, chloroform, revolvers, and an enormous amount of climbing in and out of windows. Perhaps there is just a little too much plot, because things seemed to get rather out of hand from time to time. As a realist, for example, I should imagine that a lady who had helped a notorious criminal to escape would have a little difficulty with the police before they'd let her scamper off to meet him in Paris. There are other things like that, not to mention a warm, general, and rather pleasant confusion—I was never quite sure whether those singularly unattractive characters in the garden were detectives or burglars—but it is all very fast and ingenious. Ronald Colman, of course, is the perfect dilettante malefactor—quick and imperturbable. David Torrence makes a good solid inspector, and Kay Francis seemed to me so able and charming an accomplice that I rather hoped that Better Life in Paris would turn out to be impractical.

IF you want to bother your pretty head these hot days, "Manslaughter," up at the Rivoli, presents a very nasty little social problem, based on the emotional difficulties of a young district attorney whose duty obliges him to prosecute his rich and beautiful fiancée when she runs over a policeman. There are some instructive views of that fast Long Island aquaplane set and, in contrast, some other views of quite a gloomy prison. Altogether, though, it isn't very exciting. It seemed to me that the silent version, made several years ago, was pretty good melodrama, but I'm afraid this one isn't, largely because of some rather unfortunate tampering with the plot. The district attorney, a plain fellow in the old film, has taken up aquaplaning, at which he is very good indeed, and nothing is said about his devotion to his old

EMBASSY

THE NEWSREEL THEATRE

BROADWAY AND 46th ST.

ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME

Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE

PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM

Complete change of program weekly

Midnight Show every Saturday

LYSISTRATA

The comedy hit you hear about!

with

VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER, ERNEST TRUEX
MIRIAM HOPKINS, SYDNEY GREENSTREET
HORTENSE ALDEN, ERIC DRESSLER

44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway

Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

THE GREEN PASTURES

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY

"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

The **LAST MILE**

Herman Shumlin Presents

"Amazingly successful play"—*Sun*

24th WEEK

SAM H. HARRIS

THEA. 42nd ST. W. of B'WAY. EVS. 8:50 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

The Theatre Guild Presents

THE NEW GARRICK GAIETIES

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

11th MONTH

Brock Pemberton Presents

Strictly Dishonorable

Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges with TULLIO CARMINATI

Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton

This attraction never at cut rates

AVON THEATRE, 45 St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

THEATRE COOLED BY ICED AIR

"Finest War Picture."—Telegram

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

A Universal Picture. Presented by Carl Laemmle

CENTRAL B'way & 47th St. Daily 2:45—8:45

3 times Saturday and Sunday, 2:45—5:45—8:45

Midnight Show Every Saturday

THE "CULTURAL VALUE" OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL IS ALL RIGHT FOR AN ALIBI-

-but

You wouldn't say that a person who has visited the Woolworth building, the Statue of Liberty and Fifth avenue has really *seen* New York!

"Doing" Europe completely includes more than viewing historical and architectural wonders. Yet little more can be included if you must spend half your time abroad in securing tickets, making hotel reservations, looking after baggage and arranging programs. These are the things The Travel Guild does for you, whether you travel independently or on one of our popular, conducted "House Party Tours"... Ask for our booklets on Europe before you plan your trip.

The TRAVEL GUILD
521 Fifth Avenue, New York
Phone Murray Hill 1622
180 North Michigan, Chicago

FOR those who abhor noise . . . an exclusive apartment hotel in a neighborhood that's "up" structurally as well as socially. Suites for October occupancy.

Mayfair House

610 Park Ave., New York
at 65th Street
Edward H. Crandall
President

"He Got the Job"

Because he was well groomed. He kept his nails always neat, clean, nicely trimmed with Gem, the handy pocket manicure. Such care *pays*. Get *your* Gem at any drug or cutlery store. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c (watch-chain model).

The H. C. COOK CO., 8 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers NAIL

Gem Jr., 35c

mother in the country, or even about the heroine's post-penitentiary decision to embrace Social Service. I imagine that these items were regarded as a thought too naïve for present-day cinema purposes. The only trouble is that these items were more or less indispensable to the sense of the piece. Claudette Colbert and Frederic March do all that could reasonably be expected of them.

NOT knowing, I won't try to tell you what "The Sap from Syracuse," at the Paramount, is about, but it has Jack Oakie in it. Mr. Oakie, who is rapidly getting to be my favorite comedian, wore a pair of knickerbockers that kept slipping down around his ankles. I laughed every time they did, and I laughed too when he said that snails could always beat whippets racing up the side of a building. This proves either that Mr. Oakie has a great and mysterious gift or that everything isn't quite as it should be with me. Ginger Rogers and Betty Starbuck are in the picture, and they're good too.

A STORY has been getting around that Richard Dix doesn't fake his fights. There is one in "Shooting Straight," up at the Globe, which seems to bear this out. It is a swell fight. The rest of the picture is that same old "Shooting Straight" (the one about the reformed gangster) that they've been making for years.

LOUIS MANN has turned up at the Capitol in his first talking picture. It is a morality play on the Job theme, called "The Sins of the Children." It takes ninety-three minutes and you could spend them more profitably.

AT the Roxy is "Good Intentions." This is to be taken seriously. You've been hearing all your life about the man who got out of prison whom everybody treated like a pariah. I'll bet you haven't heard about the man who got out of prison whom *nobody* treated like a pariah. Well, that one isn't at the Roxy. —W. G.

•

They were at the private flying field waiting for the mechanic to gas and oil up the ship. "I'll be happy when I can fly away with you for good," said Simpson, slipping a ring on a girl who blushed even though she had spent many nights in a night club.—*From a story in the Daily News.*

Hm-m. Probably a third-rate club.

in bad odor

know your cinematic onions! pass up those overripe productions that clutter broadway and sink your teeth in these delicious entertainments now current

at the paramount

where paramount lays its cards on the table, with "queen high"... ginger rogers, the queen, frank morgan, the knave, and charley ruggles, the joker. jesse crawford of course is the ace that comes out of the hole . . . on the organ

at the rialto

there's ronnie colman as "raffles" the amateur cracksman, aided and abetted by samuel goldwyn who's no amateur

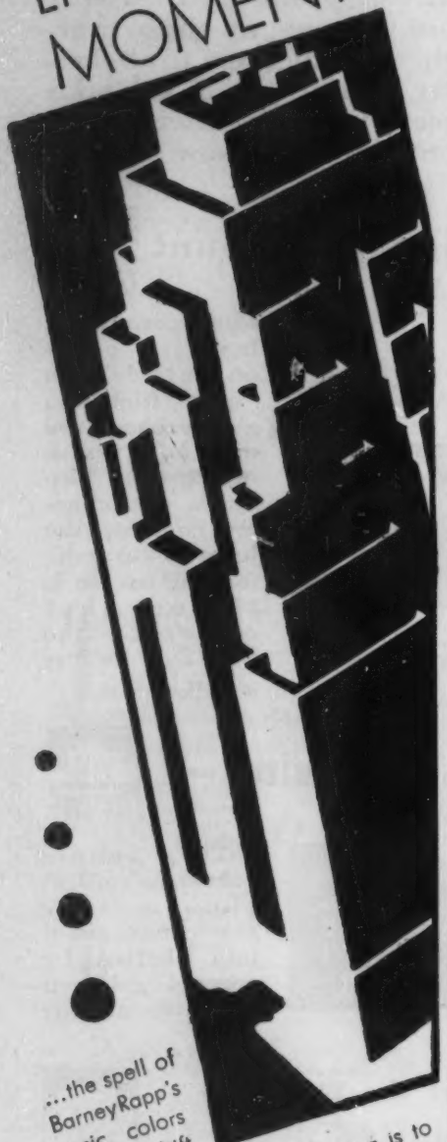
at the rivoli—united artists

there's claudette colbert in "manslaughter". she does it with her little automobile, not with those big eyes . . . with paramount as accomplice this is no crime

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

LIFE'S LIGHTER MOMENTS...



...the spell of BarneyRapp's music colors life. To drift through the magic rhythms of his orchestra is to drink of the bewitched cup of romance. Nightly in the cooled air of the Summer Terrace.

Made-to-order weather cools the restaurants, private dining rooms and ball rooms. Rates $3.50 and up for one person. $5 and up for two, with thrifty reductions on monthly rates to permanent guests.

THE NEW YORKER

Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel

34TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE

RALPH HITZ • MANAGING DIRECTOR

POPULAR RECORDS

The Long Line—By Miss Harris and Others—Unseasonal Pep in Dance Discs

IF you have much to do with music critics (and how am I to know about your private life?), you will be familiar with allusions to a "long vocal line." Just what this meritorious line may be never has been defined; it is something that every singer ought to have, but how he is going to get it is the sweet mystery of every vocalist's life. It is necessary for success in opera and in recital; it is even more necessary to catch the pennies of the popular public.

Should you care to have "line" demonstrated, fetch up Brunswick's most recent recordings of Marion Harris. "You Do Something to Me" is the most remarkable of an exceptional series. It has everything—beginning with Miss Harris and ending with a corking accompaniment. "Wasn't It Nice?" is the mate of "You Do Something to Me," and it isn't so important. Listen also to the same singer's operations in "I Remember You from Somewhere" and "Nobody Cares if I'm Blue." The tempi are prevailingly slow—but Miss Harris always is getting somewhere. That, I take it, is the long vocal line.

Ruth Etting, as you may know, is another skilled worker in the long line. "I Never Dreamt" (Columbia) exhibits her ability to do a great deal without seeming to do anything; and she makes "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" almost plausible—and that, my dears, is an achievement!

Miss Etting and Miss Harris croon. Lewis James does "Singing a Song to the Stars" and "With My Guitar and You" for Victor with only a suggestion of confidential tone projection—and again, here is the long line. By the way, the orchestral backgrounds for Mr. James are little prizes in themselves. A gentleman crooner who knows how to handle a long line is Smith Ballew (Okeh), and his "I Love You So Much" and "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" will complete this lesson.

Rudy Vallée? Yes; he has it (small "i," please, in this instance), as you will perceive in his vocal inter-

COOT — a 25-inch model Racing Sloop

Largest of our fin keel racing models—most graceful Marconi Rigged sloop on the market.

LENGTH O. A. 25 inches
BEAM 6¼ inches

Very fast on all points of sailing. Fully rigged and equipped with Boucher patent sail shifting device ready to sail.

$9.50

"Coot" composition construction set. Hull completely furnished with 1 coat paint. Very easily assembled.

$8.00

Send 25c for Boucher's illustrated Catalogue

Boucher

415 MADISON AVENUE AT 48th STREET

Reduce—Build Up

The Modern Way

SUMMER RATES

August-September.

Separate Departments For Men And Women. Equipped For Giving Active And Passive Exercise Individually.

Come At Your Convenience.

DR. SAVAGE EXERCISE INST.

Est'b. 1890 New Address Chanin Bldg.

122 East 42nd St., New York

TO REST—TO PLAY TO REALLY LIVE

Hotel Gramatan... 20 minutes from Times Square... on Sunset Hill, in Bronxville ...now under ownership management... excellent food, service and a homey atmosphere with Westchester County for your front yard ... American plan ... $8 to $10 per day...$35 to $60 per week...leases by the month or year ... *send for booklet.*

Hotel GRAMATAN

Lawrence Park, Bronxville, N.Y.

James E. Smith, *Managing Director*

All Expense ONE-DAY TOUR
ASBURY PARK $4

THE best one-day trip from New York City. A 40-mile sail, shore luncheon and 50-mile automobile ride through beautiful historic North Jersey Shore country to Asbury Park. Tour runs daily. Includes trip down New York Harbor and Bay, viewing the sights, Statue of Liberty, Quarantine, forts, ocean steamers and Sandy Hook. Plenty of time at Asbury Park for surf or sun bathing.

SCHEDULE—DAYLIGHT TIME

	Weekdays	Sundays
Lv. N. Y. West 42nd St.....	9:55 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
Lv. N. Y. Cedar St.....	10:20 A.M.	10:30 A.M.

Ticket office, 1494 Broadway at 43rd St. Phone Bryant 7000. Steamer excursion tickets only. For general information, phone Barclay 9670.

SANDY HOOK STEAMERS

The Pleasant Way to North Jersey Resorts — Operated by New Jersey Central

Please Tell Us What "IT" Is!

WE'VE been bumping into that little word "it" ever since folks adopted it to indicate the presence of a certain uncertain quality that ranges all the way from sex appeal to—oh, well, you know what we mean.

When they remark that **WARNOCO**—the new lavender colored gasoline — has "it", we're on more familiar ground, for then we know they mean it has the stuff that coaxes the last little ounce of pep and power from any motor car.

Please try it yourself and find out what "it" really is. We'd love to hear your version of this little thing called "it".

● *Sold at the Blue and Grey pumps by Hundreds of Warner-Quinlan and Municipal Service Stations and authorized dealers everywhere.*

WARNER-QUINLAN CO.
2 Park Avenue . New York
Refiners for over 30 Years

ludes throughout the first dance record on the following list:

How Come You Do Me Like You Do? and Old New England Moon—Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees. The "Do" song is his most successful attempt so far to vary his familiar manner; the "Moon" rhapsody is adequately lunar, in waltz time. (*Victor*)

Indian Cradle Song and Exactly Like You—Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra. Just to make things hotter for you! (*Okeh*)

Around the Corner and With My Guitar and You—Ben Selvin and his Orchestra. Much the best of many sorties around that corner. Helen Richards and the Rondoliers are sneaked in entertainingly for vocal proclamations. The "Guitar" fox-trot is snappy in the best Selvinian style. (*Columbia*)

Chinnin' and Chattin' with May and I Like to Do Things for You—Jesse Stafford and his Palace Hotel Orchestra. Smart, agile, and expertly intoned rhythms. (*Brunswick*)

Cheer Up and Swingin' in a Hammock—Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. Exceptionally full-toned affairs, with great drive to them. (*Victor*)

Ro-Ro-Rollin' Along and I'm Needin' You—Ed. Lloyd and his Orchestra. Straightforward and effective performances for dancing. (*Okeh*)

So Beats My Heart for You and Singing a Song to the Stars—Earl Burtnett and his Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel Orchestra. De luxe business with two of the best contemporary airs. (*Brunswick*)

Sobbin' Blues and Yellow Dog Blues—Ted Lewis and his Band. The "new" Lewis, with all of his old jazz plus something that falls gratefully on the sophisticated ear. (*Columbia*)

—Pop

•

AUGUST RAIN

This is no day to sit and nurse
An old heartbreak, no day to bring
Old dreaming back, old conjuring.
Against a day like this, a curse
Is just a curse; a song, a song.
A cold gray light, an edge of fall,
No summer sun, no sun at all,
This is a day to feel as strong
And straight as earth beneath the rain,
A day in which new friends belong
And they who knock will come again.

—Ann Linington

•

A woman resident of "Tent City" yesterday by dint of speedy running managed to out-distance two local policemen who were pursuing her in one of the department's Fords. The police, Chief John E. Sweeney and John Frederick, went to the colony to arrest the woman on a vagrancy charge. Approaching the home of the woman they were sighted by her and she immediately took to the road in an effort to escape. Speeding down the road at a lively pace the woman managed to keep the cops and their flivver at a safe distance until she reached a wooded area into which she disappeared.—*Plattsburg Daily Republican.*

Fleetest trick of the week.

NOON TO MIDNIGHT IN HAVANA

..when you cruise to CALIFORNIA on President World Liners

Not that anyone wants to delay arrival in California, still—

Noon to midnight in Havana is six hours longer than any other California-bound ships stop, and just possibly you'll find the added pause very much to your taste.

Then, a full day in Panama and Balboa transiting the canal, looking about, hat-buying, etc.

Moreover, your glorious days at sea are spent in the select and interesting company of many world-travelers. For your President Liner is on its way Round the World, and her "list" reflects the glamour of distant ports. Just as her service, appointments, cuisine, her ample cabins with real beds, her outdoor swimming pool—reflect the art of keeping sophisticated people amused and comfortable.

A few select cabins are available for California voyagers on regular fortnightly world sailings—early reservations are important.

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES

604 FIFTH AVENUE
BRYant 5900
32 AND 25 BROADWAY
DIGby 3260 or DIGby 7394

OVERLOOKING EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK

Large, new addition. Furnished or unfurnished. Serving pantries. Roof solarium. Excellent cuisine.

1 ROOM AND BATH
complete maid service and electric light
from $75 monthly

1 ROOM, BATH, SERVING PANTRY
complete maid service, electric light and refrigeration
from $90 monthly

2 ROOMS AND BATH
complete maid service and electric light
from $110 monthly

HOTEL GRAMERCY PARK

52 Gramercy Park N., New York
Telephone: GRAmercy 4340

It's Smart to be PRETTY

No more boyish debs with good lines and bad skins. This year's winners wear sweet smiles, organdie, and no skin eruptions . . . Geranium Cream at night —Skin food, blemish banisher, gentle bleach, contour refiner for ex-debs . . . In the morning, wise ones dip into the same jar to get smooth foundation for natural make-up—and no shiny nose.

COSTS THREE-FIFTY · LASTS 6 MONTHS

At your favorite Fifth Avenue store and at Abraham & Straus Beauty Salon, Brooklyn

GERANIUM CREAM

PRODUITS NINA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

RECENT BOOKS

Growing Up in Chicago—Paul Robeson and Langston Hughes—A Proud Family

FOR comfortable, undisturbing reading, you really can't do better this week than "Years of Grace," by Margaret Ayer Barnes. It is the first long novel by Mrs. Barnes, who writes pleasant fiction for the more sedate magazines. It is the smooth narrative of the life of a gracious woman, relieved of a tendency toward blandness by Mrs. Barnes' amusing social observations and by her remarkable and truly feminine memory.

The story is centred chiefly in Chicago, and it begins in the nineties, when the "good families" lived not so far from the Rush Street bridge, in imposing brown mansions with porte-cochères. Mrs. Barnes catches the distinctive flavor of Midwestern society as it flourished in the nineties; she remembers the greenhouse scent of homes where daughters made their débuts at elaborate teas. She recalls the departed cotillion-leader, who was invariably a scandalous person in an elegant way. She can bring before you the high-minded girl of a more innocent era who would forsake the frivolities of Chicago to go to Bryn Mawr—where college girls, in those distant days, actually made fudge.

When Mrs. Barnes' gentle heroine grows up and marries, the background of the book gets less interesting. Chicago becomes a metropolis instead of a delightful small town and the girl herself loses her Louisa M. Alcott charm and turns into a suburban matron. Still Mrs. Barnes manages to picture the tragedy of a middle-life love affair with considerable deftness and skill.

The book is very much in the Edith Wharton manner. It has none of Mrs. Wharton's dainty viciousness, but it has a quiet, even, and readable style.

BOTH the other excellent books of the week are by Negroes. "Paul Robeson, Negro" was written with love, affection, and respect by his wife, Eslanda Goode Robeson. Here is no conventional biography but a book that reads like the thoughts of a woman marvelling at the astonishing gifts of her man. Mrs. Robeson's story is both proud and humble, both detached and pathetically intimate; and because the story of Robeson is also, in a sense, interwoven with the struggle of his race, Mrs. Robeson strays from biographical paths to tell you things about Negroes in general and about Harlem in particular.

Robeson himself came from an educated family; his exceptional mind was no accident. His early life was singularly free from tragic experiences of race prejudice. His college, Rutgers, after some fits of pettiness, treated him with justice. He came to New York at a time when certain intellectual circles were discovering Harlem. Mrs. Robeson marvels at the good fortune that made life so much happier for Robeson than for other gifted men of his race.

There is a sadder side of the picture in "Not Without Laughter," by Langston Hughes. This is the story of the ordinary black family living out in Kansas, where, as Mr. Hughes says, "Being black is like being born in the basement of a house . . . with the white folks living upstairs." Mr. Hughes, whose poems you may know, is a first-rate novelist; his book stands the great test of racial literature—it would be just as good, just as sound, if it were written about a group of poor whites. He writes simply, honestly, and sincerely; he would rather touch your heart than shock you. He has the courage to show that a certain class of Negroes are just as greedy, snobbish, and heartless as the shoddy whites. Unlike many modern Negro writers, he dares to be just a little sentimental about the good old people—the hard-working old mammies. I also like his humor, which is detached and spontaneous. For instance, a good Baptist is bemoaning the decline of the church: "It ain't 'come to Jesus' no mo'. Ministers dese days an' times don't care nothin' about po' Jesus. 'Stead o' dat it's rally dis an' collection dat, an' de aisle wants a new carpet, an' de pastor needs a 'lectric fan fer his red-hot self."

"RHODODENDRON PIE" is a title to frighten the timid, and Margery Sharp has handicapped her light, clever novel by its smirking and affected

THE CHATHAM

The things that contribute to fineness in living are so completely epitomized in The Chatham at Vanderbilt Avenue and 48th Street, that an announcement of apartments available on lease is of interest. We can now accept a limited number of new leases for apartments of from 2 to 5 rooms. The details may be had from Mr. Frank Smith, Manager, telephone Volunteer 5400. Mr. Lou C. Wallick, President.

For
Awhile ... or Longer
You may anticipate real and lasting satisfaction when you come to live in this fine apartment hotel.
HOTEL WHITE
On aristocratic Murray Hill next to all New York
1—2—3 Rooms and more
Furnished or unfurnished.
ATTRACTIVE RENTALS
SOLARIUM & Open-Air Roof Garden
Lexington Avenue and 37th Street
Telephone Lexington 1200
A. D. Pannaci, *Manager*

SHAGREEN
SCENTED
CIGARETTES
ROYALTY'S FAVORITE SMOKE
Finest blend . . . skillfully treated with rare aromatic gums. . . . Satisfying with pleasing aftertaste. . . .
Also Unscented Cigarettes
SOLD WHERE SOCIETY GATHERS—AT HOTELS—SHOPS—ETC.
Attractive Packages of 10's, 50's and 100's
SHAGREEN PRODUCTS CO., Inc., 117 E. 24th St., N. Y. C.

name. It is the romance of an honest girl born into a family of fragile and exquisite souls. The Laventies pride themselves on living beautifully and on thinking elegantly; they are superior poseurs. Miss Sharp writes about them with sly wit and a saving trace of malice.

"The Future of Drinking" finds Gilbert Seldes ignoring the Eighteenth Amendment and presuming that we are, as a whole, a drinking nation. Mr. Seldes' only quarrel is that we drink badly and that we usually serve the wrong things at the wrong time. His book is leisurely, humorous, and informed writing on a subject that usually evokes unbalanced writing and unbalanced gin. There are, too, pictures by Don Herold.

"Murder in Manhattan" is such a good mystery story that it deserves more than a mere listing. It was written by Arthur Procter, a lawyer, who has a good technique. For instance, the murdering starts at a banquet in honor of a retiring police commissioner. The shots are fired to synchronize with gunplay of a motion picture that is being shown at the dinner. The story not only has good invention but it has an authentic New York background. You may have a fine time identifying New York's political figures who take part in the plot.

Geoffrey Moss' novel, "That Other Love," has a fine start with the story of the child of an ex-chorus girl who is rescued from a life of happy irregularity on the Riviera by a respectable and conscientious family. The story has charm and you are just becoming really interested in the heroine when the girl unexpectedly goes Well of Loneliness. Whereupon the book, like most others of its *genre*, blows up into little bits. —A. W. S.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[From a booklet of the United States Lines]

You've no doubt often read in the society columns of your newspaper something as follows: "Among the fortunate passengers sailing to Europe this morning on the S.S. George Washington, the largest cabin ship in the United States Lines fleet, were Mr. and Mrs. . . . ." followed by some of the best names in the country. How you envied these fortunate passengers! How raptly you listened to their glowing stories about the ship when they arrived back home!

furnit
for this jo
renaissa

Modernage furniture has been especially designed for the livable modern home. It meets the exigencies of modern life and is imbued with the spirit of modern art.

The Modernage collection, designed by artists, and executed by expert craftsmen, is the largest and finest in America.

Open Mondays until 8:00 P.M.
Saturdays until 5:00 P.M.

SEND FOR BOOKLET V

MODERNAGE
FURNITURE CO.
541 East 57th Street
Stuyvesant 5486

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE MODERN FURNITURE EXCLUSIVELY

HOFFMAN
PALE DRY • LIME DRY

Fruit Beverages Made from the Fruit

★LEMON • ORANGE
CHERRY • GRAPE • RASPBERRY
• •
CLEAR COCOA BEVERAGE
SARSAPARILLA • CREAM SODA • ROOT BEER
AMBER GINGER ALE • CELERY • BIRCH BEER

AND WHEN CHILDREN ARE THIRSTY • remember the Hoffman Fruit Beverages. They're as pure and wholesome as fresh fruit itself because they're made *directly* from real fruit. Real fruit with sugar and sparkling carbonated water added — that's all. Hoffman ★Lemon Beverage is delightfully cool and refreshing by itself — or in any drink where real lemons are needed. With ice cream it make a delicious ice cream soda.

WHY SKULK IN THE SCULLERY

. . . skimping those drinks? Come out in the open with those big-hearted Host-size Hoffman bottles. There's plenty for everyone; five of 'em, tall and sparkling in every bottle of Hoffman Pale Dry or Lime Dry.

Your guests will understand. They know Hoffman — they like it — they serve it in their homes. They must — for New York buys more Hoffman than any other brand.

At the left, a map showing the starting point and destinations of the test cars, and the distances covered. Below is a photograph of the campus of the University of Kansas just before Professor H. C. Allen sent the 13 test cars away with sealed crankcases on a gruelling nation-wide road test.

UNIVERSITY SCIENTISTS
FIND THIS NEW OIL LASTS LONGER

AT 8:30 on the morning of April 8th, 1930, 13 stock cars, representing practically every popular type of automobile engine, left Lawrence, Kansas. Professor H. C. Allen supervised the start. The amount of oil poured into each crankcase was weighed. The crankcases and filter pads were carefully sealed.

Faculty Members first to unlock crankcases and test oil

The cars were routed to 13 leading universities. When they reached their destinations after runs ranging from 1500 to 2400 miles, the crankcases were unsealed by designated faculty members, the oil drained off, weighed, and then subjected to comprehensive tests by such well known authorities as Professors Huff of Johns Hopkins, Graf of Oregon State College and Beisler of the University of Florida. The results of these impartial scientific tests confirmed the findings of Texaco engineers! This oil is longer-lasting—superior—crack-proof!

Dr. Lincoln T. Work says—

Dr. Lincoln T. Work, in charge of the tests, says—"These various reports on the new Texaco Motor Oil emphasize many different points, and present these outstanding characteristics:

1—A low oil consumption which averaged one quart in 790 miles.

2—Very little tendency to form carbon when fresh or when used.

3—Retention of viscosity even after extended use on the road."

An extra margin of safety

The long life of this new crack-proof oil assures a greater margin of safety and oil economy—a margin of safety which will carry you through where less enduring oils would crack and break down. But for maximum motoring satisfaction keep your crankcase oil at the proper level and follow manufacturer's draining recommendations.

Available in five grades in all our 48 States

The new Texaco comes in five grades: C, D, E, F and G, corresponding to the Society of Automotive Engineers' viscosity ratings, to give every type of automobile engine the maximum in lubricating efficiency. Sold in all our 48 States at 30¢ a quart. (35¢ for grade G.)

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.

TEXACO

the New

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

LONGER-LASTING. "CRACK-PROOF"

© 1930, THE TEXAS CO.

A Wonderful New Movie Camera

THAT TAKES BLACK AND WHITE. KODACOLOR AND TELEPHOTO MOVIES

Weighs only 3 lbs. 11½ ozs.

Interchangeable Lenses—

A matter of seconds to slip one lens off, another on, the new Model K Ciné-Kodak. Takes *f*.3.5, *f*.1.9, and *f*.4.5 (long-focus).

Half Speed—

Pressing a handy button automatically reduces the speed from 16 exposures per second (normal) to 8 per second. A big advantage in dull light.

YOU'LL call it marvelous . . . nothing less. This new Ciné-Kodak Model K is all you can ask any home movie camera to be . . . yet hardly larger than a novel.

Two features of the new Model K give it this wide range of use . . . interchangeability of lenses, and half-speed operation at the press of a button.

For ordinary use, the *f*.3.5 lens is completely satisfactory. But interchangeable with the *f*.3.5 is the faster, more versatile, *f*.1.9 lens. The *f*.1.9 is required for Kodacolor, home movies in full color.

Still a third lens, fitting the Model K, is the *f*.4.5 long-focus for telephoto effects.

The half-speed feature gives each picture a longer exposure, a great help in overcoming poor light.

The capacity of the Model K is 100 feet, though 50-foot reels may be used. Its spring motor is crank-wound.

The Model K is finished in beautiful leathers—black, brown, blue and gray—and is sold in a combination carrying case with room for extra film, filter outfit and long-focus lens. Equipped with *f*.1.9 lens, it weighs only 3 pounds, 11½ ounces.

Your Ciné-Kodak dealer is now showing, in addition to the Model K, the new Model M Ciné-Kodak. Equipped with *f*.3.5 lens only. The lightest camera taking 100 feet of 16 mm. film. It is finished in black only with carrying case to match.

Model K with *f*.3.5 lens is $110, with case . . . with *f*.1.9 lens, $150 with case. Long-focus lens for telephoto effect and Kodacolor Filter are sold as accessories. Model M, with case, is priced at only $75.

Complete outfits — Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector, and Screen —as low as $143. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

For Distance - Telephoto Effect

The *f*.4.5 long-focus lens gives a telephoto effect by enlarging the image to three times the usual width and height.

Takes Movies in Full Color—

Model K with *f*.1.9 lens takes Kodacolor movies when used with Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film. As easy to make as black and white.

Ciné-Kodak

MODEL K